



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NEDL TRANSFER



HN 5DRH G

Jun 18 1922  
KC630

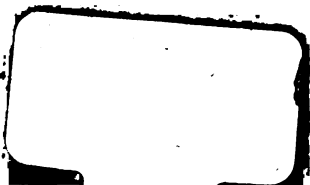
---

*A Gift to*  
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
*in Memory of*  
Charles Eliot Norton  
1827-1908



*From his Children*  
*Richard Norton, Sara Norton, Rupert Norton*  
*Eliot Norton, Margaret Norton*  
*Elizabeth Gaskell Norton*  
November 16, 1927

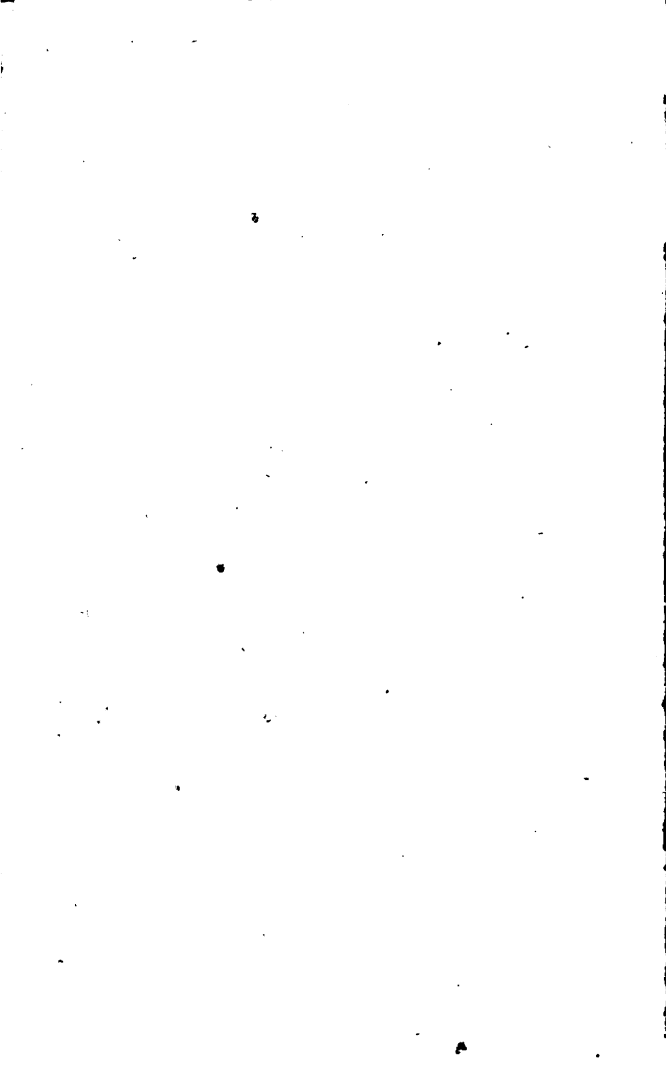
---











*Theodore Sedgwick Junr.*  
*A present to*  
*Wm. Doughty*  
**FRANK;** July 9<sup>th</sup> 1822

# **A SEQUEL TO FRANK.**

IN

## **EARLY LESSONS.**



**BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.**



**IN TWO VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**



**NEW-YORK:**

**WILLIAM B. GILLEY, 92 BROADWAY.**

**1822.**

**J. Seymour, printer.**



June 18 22:2

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM THE FAMILY OF  
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON  
NOVEMBER 16, 1927

## FRANK :

### A SEQUEL TO EARLY LESSONS.

---

" HERE is mamma, alone ! and settled at her tambour frame, Mary ! How happy !" cried Frank. " Now we can talk to her about it as much as we please. Mamma, may I read you *this ?*"

" Yes, and welcome, my dear, while I am working ; but I am afraid I shall soon have done. What is the book, my dear ?"

" Mamma, it is a short account of the life of the author."

" What author, Frank ?"

" I do not know his name, ma'am, it says only the author of this book ?"

" What book, my dear ?"

" The book I brought home the other night from the gardener's ; the book from which his son learnt how to make the sun-dial. Oh, ma'am, do not look into that part, that is too difficult."

" We cannot understand that," said Mary, " that is about '*tables of falling bodies,*' and ter-

rible things. But it is this '*Short Account of the Life of the Author*,' which Frank is going to read to you, ma'am."

"Mamma, I will tell you part, and read only what I like best," said Frank. "The beginning tells only that the man was born somewhere, I forget where."

"He was born in a low station, I know," said Mary; "but I do not recollect exactly where."

"Well, never mind," continued Frank; "but you must know that he was at first very poor."

"He was originally a peasant boy, mamma, and you shall hear all that he did."

"But first tell me his name," said Frank's mother.

"His name, ma'am; that I really do not know," said Frank.

"What, not know the name of the man, whose life you have been reading?"

"No, mamma, he never once tells his name in his whole life," said Frank. "You may look it over yourself, mamma, every page. I have looked it over twice."

"And I too," said Mary, "and I do not think you will find it. It does not tell even the name of his father or mother."

"Pray look and try if you can find it, mamma," said Frank.

His mother looked at the titlepage, and pointed to the name of the author—James Ferguson.

"You have found it, mamma, after all! I thought I had looked thoroughly; but I did not begin at the very beginning you will say; next time I

really will look even at the titlepage. But now let me go on.

“ This James Ferguson’s father was very poor, and had a large family, and he was obliged to work all day ; but whenever he had any time he taught some of his children to read and write. He had not leisure, however, at first to teach James, and James learned by listening, while his father was teaching his elder brother to read his catechism.”

“ Now read on here, Frank,” said Mary, “ lest you should forget to tell about the old woman.”

Frank read what follows from Ferguson’s life.

“ ‘ Ashamed to ask my father to instruct me, I used, when he and my brother were abroad, to take the catechism and study the lesson, which he had been teaching my brother ; and when any difficulty occurred I went to a neighbouring old woman, who gave me such help as enabled me to read tolerably well, before my father had thought of teaching me.’ ”

“ Dear good old woman ! ” said Mary.

“ ‘ Sometime after he was agreeably surprised to find me reading by myself ; he thereupon gave me farther instruction, and also taught me to write.’ ”

“ I will miss the grammar school,” said Frank, “ for I am sure that will not interest you ; but I must go on here.”

“ ‘ My taste for mechanics arose from an odd accident. When about seven or eight years of age, a part of the roof of the house being decayed, my father, desirous of mending it, applied a lever to raise it to its former situation ; and to my great

astonishment I saw him lift up the ponderous roof as if it had been a small weight. I attributed this at first to a degree of strength, that excited my terror as well as wonder; but thinking farther of the matter, I recollected that he had applied his strength to that end of the lever which was farthest from the prop; and finding on inquiry that this was the means by which the seeming wonder was effected, I began making levers, which I then called bars.'"

Frank's father now came into the room to look for some papers, and stood still to listen to what they were reading.

"Papa," said Frank, "I understand all this as well as the man did; because we read a great while ago to mamma, in Sandford and Merton, the account of the boy's using the lever to move the great snow-ball, which they could not roll without it. And that very day you were so good, papa, as to call me to look at one of the workmen, who was using a lever to move a heavy root of a tree. How pleasant it is to find in a book what puts us in mind of things we have seen and heard, and quite understand."

"Very true," said Mary; "but now will you go on with the book, Frank, because I want to come to the little knife, and then to the wooden watch?"

"Oh, my dear," said Frank, "don't tell all beforehand. Let me tell of the stars first."

"I was rather too young and weak for hard labour, my father put me out to a neighbour to keep sheep, which I continued to do for some."

years, and in that time I began to study the stars in the night.'

"How happy he must have been!" said Frank.

"In the daytime I amused myself by making models of mills, spinning wheels, and such other things as I happened to see."

"I wish, Frank, that you could do the same!" said Mary.

"Oh, papa, I am sorry you are going away," said Frank, "cannot you stay while I read about the blanket and the stars?"

"I am sorry I cannot, my dear, as there is a man waiting for me on business."

"Then, mamma, I will go on to you."

"I then went to serve a considerable farmer in the neighbourhood, whose name was James Glashan. I found him very kind and indulgent; but he soon observed, that in the evenings, when my work was over, I went into the field with a blanket over me, lay down on my back, and stretched a small thread, with small beads upon it, at arm's length, between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take the apparent distances from one another; and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective positions, having a candle by me. My master at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and that I might make fair copies in the day-time of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man.'

"To be sure," said Frank, "or you would have been horribly ungrateful, Mr. James Ferguson. Do you know, mamma, this uncommon master, as he calls him, used often to take the thrashing flail out of his hands, that he might have time for his pleasant employment."

Frank's mother joined with him in liking this uncommon master very much; but she said, "that she had now unfortunately done her work, and that she must go away; but," added she, "I am glad you have such an entertaining book."

"But, mamma, it is double entertainment when I am reading it to you, and talking to you about it."

"Frank can go on reading while you are taking your work out of the frame, may not he, mamma?" said Mary.

"Very well, then, mamma, let me just tell you," said Frank, "all this Ferguson did when he was a boy; he made a globe himself out of a block of wood, turned it, finished it in three weeks, covered it with paper, and painted and divided it all rightly; and mamma, besides this globe of the earth, and besides I do not know how many little windmills, and watermills, he made a wooden watch, that went, mamma! and—"

"Now comes the great wonder!" said Mary.

"Hush! my dear Mary, I must just read to you, mamma," said Frank, "about the gentleman on horseback showing him a watch for the first time."

"I should like to hear it very much, my dear," said Frank's mother. "But now I really have other things to do, and I must go."

Frank pursued her from room to room with the book, reading at every interval when he could be heard."

" " I thanked the gentleman, and told him, that I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone ; but found that I could not make the watch go, when the balance was put on, because——' "

Frank skipped the cause, which he thought either too difficult for his mother or himself to understand, and he went on—

" " I enclosed the whole in a wooden case, very little bigger than a breakfast tea-cup.' "

" Oh ! now comes the misfortune ! " cried Mary.

By this time Frank had followed his mother without well knowing where, through bedchamber, and dressing room, and passage, till at last she was at the head of the back staircase, and he saw her descending.

" Where are you going, now, mamma ? "

" Down stairs to the housekeeper's room, my dear, ' said she.

" May we come with you, mamma ? "

" No, my dear, certainly not, I cannot listen to you and to Mrs. Catherine at the same time. "

" Well, then, I will finish the misfortune for you as you go down stairs, ma'am. " He read on as loud and as fast as he could—

" " A clumsy neighbour one day looking at my watch, happened to let it fall, and turning hastily to pick it up set his foot upon it, and crushed it all to pieces, which so provoked my father, that



he was almost ready to beat the man ; and this discouraged me so much that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use.' "

" But mamma is quite out of hearing, Frank," said Mary. " What a pity to have wasted all that, as she was going down stairs ! "

" True, I will keep the rest for her dressing time," said Frank.

At her dressing time, Frank appeared again before his mother, with the same book in his hand : he read to her again the account of the breaking of the wooden watch, and had reason to be satisfied with her pity for the boy ; but he was not quite contented, because she agreed with Ferguson in being thoroughly convinced, that he could never ~~make~~ a watch that would be of any real use.

Frank had formed an intention of attempting to make such a watch, and had seen a bit of whale-bone among Mrs. Catherine's treasures, which he thought would do for the spring.

" Now, my dear Frank," said his mother, " all this is very entertaining and ingenious ; but we must not neglect other things : I am ready to look at the ' Stream of Time ' with you, and to hear you read the Grecian history. "

Frank looked at the ' Stream of Time ' with fixed eyes, without well knowing what he saw, or what he heard from his mother, which she observing, rolled up the chart ; and Frank then opened the Grecian history, reading so fast, that it was clear he wanted only to get it over : he

even hurried and stumbled when he came to what he loved most, Leonidas in the streights.

"My dear Frank," said his mother, "you had better put down the book, and empty your head quite of Mr. Ferguson before you go on with Leonidas."

Frank put down the book, and said,

"Thank you, mamma, I am thinking that I wish I had been born a peasant boy, like Ferguson, that I might have learned every thing by myself, as he did, in a wonderful way, and that I might have surprised every body : how happy he must have been ! He taught himself vulgar arithmetic : mamma, what is vulgar arithmetic ?"

"Common arithmetic, my dear."

"What ! addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division, which we have learned ?" said Frank. "But then, mamma, it is no great glory to us to have learned these things : now it was wonderful for him ; and he was so happy, working through all his difficulties. Oh, mother ! I wish I was what is called in the book a *self-taught* genius."

"My dear," replied his mother, laughing, "since you cannot be a self-taught genius now, you had better content yourself with being, if you can, a well-taught genius."

"That I shall be, certainly," said Frank, "because you and papa teach me, and I am sure I am very much obliged to you." But still Frank looked not quite happy.

"To comfort you, Frank," said his mother, "I can tell you, that I do not believe one in ten of these self-taught persons ever distinguish

themselves in the world, or excite that wonder, or obtain that glory, of which you are so desirous."

"But, mamma, I might have been that one in ten."

"True, my dear; after struggling through great difficulties."

"But that is what I should have liked of all things, mamma."

"Yet you do not seem to me particularly to like even the little difficulties you do meet with," said his mother.

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"Don't you remember," said Mary, "Latin grammar for one thing, and sums in division of pounds, shillings, and pence?"

"But, my dear, those are not at all the sort of difficulties I mean."

"And yet," said his mother, "those are some of the difficulties which your self-taught boy must have gone through, before he became master of arithmetic and a Latin scholar, must not he?"

"True: yes; I did not think of that," said Frank.

"Besides, the self-taught genius has another disadvantage," said his mother. "Often, for want of friends, and books to tell him what has been done, he wastes his time and ingenuity in inventing what others have invented before him."

"That is true," said Frank. "I remember Ferguson thought he was the first person who had ever discovered the use of a lever, and a wedge, and a screw; and wrote a book about

them ; and was very much surprised and disappointed to find, that nothing that he had written was new to any body."

" Yes, poor man," said Mary. " Now you can't make such a mistake, Frank, for you have friends and books—"

" Now that you have emptied your head, Frank," said his mother, " let us go on with the Grecian history."

Frank now read with attention. When the business of the day was finished he returned to his *projects*. His first project was to make a globe, such as Ferguson had made ; and he would have it all painted and divided in right circles, and ready, he said, by the time the engineer should come back, and this would surprise him delightfully.

Frank recollected to have seen, behind some rubbish in the back-yard, a stone ball, which had once stood on the top of the pier of an old gate. He asked his father if he might have this ; and his father told him that he might, but that he could not guess what use he could make of it.

" So much the better," thought Frank.

With the help of levers Frank rolled the ball happily home ; and next it was to be cleaned, for it was covered with green stains, and spots of thick brown moss. The moss was scraped off by Mary with an oystershell, but the stains could not be removed. Frank determined to cover it with paper, through which he thought that they would not be seen. But it was no easy matter to cover it : Mary cut paper in all forms, and pasted and pasted, and it crinkled and crink-

led, and it never would lie smooth on the stone, nor would the quarters (as Frank called them,) the gores (as Mary called them,) join rightly.

"Oh, Frank ! it never, never will do," said Mary, after she had pasted at it till she was quite tired.

Frank gave up the stone ball : he had just thought of something much better. This was a windmill, which, as Mary observed, would be useful to stick up in the garden to frighten away the birds. Frank had carpenter's tools, and had been used to work with them ; and he had wood, and nails, and all he wanted for his windmill ; he persevered, and really did make what the gardener called a whirligig ; and it was put up in the garden, and frightened away the birds from one cherry tree for a whole day ; but the next day something was amiss with it ; the gardener said, one of the *vanes*, or leaves of the mill, had dropt out, and, in short, it fell to pieces. But still, as one scheme failed, another rose in Frank's imagination ; and he went on from one to another, pleased always with the last new idea, yet finishing few ; for some he found impossible, some not sufficiently surprising, and almost all were too tiresome, he said, to be worth completing. But at last he formed a new grand project of an orrery, a machine, as he told Mary, by which, with the help of little balls representing the earth, sun, moon, and stars, he could show the motions of all the heavenly bodies. It was a bold undertaking, especially as he did not yet know half their motions : but these he could learn, he thought, as he went on with his work,

because there was a description and an engraving of an orrery in his dear Mr. Ferguson's book. Frank prevailed upon his mother to lend him her round tambour frame, in which, luckily, there was no work ; he assured her that he would neither break nor injure it in any way ; and she was willing to trust him, because he was always very careful of what he promised not to spoil.

" My dear Frank," said she, " I am glad you amuse yourself : and you will soon find out, by your own experience, what you can, and what you cannot do : but you now give up too much time to these amusements ; you neglect and forget all that you had resolved to do and to learn of more useful things."

Mary's eye turned consciously towards the " Stream of Time." She recollected, and so did Frank, that it had been quite disregarded, while he had been making the whirligig, and endeavouring to make the globes : the Roman history, and the Grecian, and Scientific Dialogues too, with the marked passages that were to have been studied before the return of the engineer—all these had been neglected. His lessons in writing, in arithmetic, had been ill attended to : the lists of the must wants and may wants of man and woman had been quite forgotten : in short, he had been so much devoted to his new schemes, that he had had no time, no thought for any thing else.

" It is all very true, mamma," said he : " but if you will only be so good as to lend me the

tambour-frame, I will do all that I have resolved to do in time, and my project also."

And he resolved that he would only work at his orrery every day after he should have finished all more useful things. To this resolution he kept for three days : but he told Mary, that he found his head was always running upon his orrery, therefore he thought it best to finish that as soon as possible, and then he should be able to attend to better things.

All day, except during the time when Mary was occupied with her lessons and her needle-work, she was assisting Frank. She had been working some tent-stitch for the covering of a stool ; and Frank borrowed from her several balls of various coloured worsteds, which he saw in her basket ; and he employed her in winding and unwinding these, making some larger, some smaller, to bring them, as he said, to the proper sizes, to represent the earth, sun, moon, and planets. How these were to be fixed, or made to turn, on long hat pins, or to be pulled or pushed round on circles of cap wire, with which his friend Mrs. Catharine had furnished him from her never-failing stores, we pretend not to describe, nor are we quite sure that Frank himself understood. All we know is, that the evening came, and found Frank surrounded with tangled balls of worsted, some fastened on their pins, and on their circles, to the tambour frame ; but several of the planets rolling about the room, uncertain of their destination. Meantime Frank's fingers were pricked and scratched in every direction, and the inside of Mary's were dyed

with streaks of red, blue, green, from the winding of the worsted worlds. Mary's patience never failed when she was assisting Frank ; or, more difficult still, when she was reduced merely to standing by to look on at his work : she now refrained from making any noises of pity when things went wrong ; and after he begged her not, she never once repeated, " Indeed, Frank, it never will do."

But still it never would do ; and Frank, perplexed and disappointed, was forced at last to go to bed. His mother, wondering what he had been doing all day, gravely said to him, when he wished her a good night,

" Frank, you have not this day done any one of those useful things you had intended to do."

" No, mamma," said Frank ; " but I have been doing a very ingenious thing ; exceedingly ingenious, mamma."

---

FRANK, we believe, was up before the lark in the morning, and he was obliged to work alone, for Mary could not come to him before breakfast. He was indefatigable in pulling to pieces and putting together again, changing and repairing, coaxing and bungling, till at last Mary knocked at the door.

" What is the matter, Mary ?" cried Frank, going to the door.

" Matter !" said Mary : " why, what are you about, my dear ? It is just breakfast time ! Papa is calling for you."



"My dear," said Frank, "is it possible? I thought I had an hour to come!"

"Well, well; run down now and say your Latin."

"Say it! oh, Mary!" cried Frank, clasping his hands, "do you know I forgot to learn it; I thought I should have time: oh, what shall I do!"

"What shall we do, indeed!" said Mary, struck with the greatness of the immediate danger.

"Oh, my resolution! what will become of me!" cried Frank. "Oh, disgrace!"

"Do not think of the disgrace, or of any thing, but take the grammar and learn it as fast as ever you can: you will have time while papa is at breakfast: you know he has the newspaper to read before he rings for the horses."

"Horses! oh, I don't mind about the horses."

"Well, never mind what you do not mind," cried Mary, speaking as fast as the words could come out of her mouth. "Here's the book—here's the place: take care, your feet are in a tangle of worsted."

"Oh, my sun and moon! Mary! Mary!"

"Never mind them, never mind them: come quite away out of the room: sit down here on this stair, and I will sit beside you to hear it when you are ready."

"Thank you. But no, no, I cannot get it while I am thinking that you are losing your breakfast"

"Never mind my breakfast, my dear."

"No, no, Mary, do not stay, or it's all over with me ; I cannot get it if you stay."

"Then I will go—I'm gone," said Mary, running down stairs as quick as lightning.

"Mary," said Frank, calling to her over the bannisters, "Do not say a word about my orrery, or you will spoil the surprise."

"But what shall I say when papa and mamma ask me for you and your Latin?"

"The truth, to be sure—that I forgot it."

"A pretty thing to say!" thought Mary, slackening her pace as she crossed the hall.

Frank had, by his regular practice for months past, acquired the power of turning his attention at once full and strong upon these Latin lessons, and he had learned to get by heart readily. He gave his soul to it, and he did learn this lesson now, in his utmost need, in a surprisingly short time.

"Quick, indeed!" thought Mary, as he entered the breakfast room ; "but I am afraid not well."

She was frightened for him, when he laid the book confidently before his father : and while he was saying it, she sat with the untasted toast in her hand. Frank got through it all.

"Without missing one word!" said Mary, exultingly.

Frank now took breath, and relieved himself by a good stretching of both arms. He had not yet sufficiently recovered from the agitation into which he had been thrown, to begin to boast or triumph in his escape : he sat down to eat his breakfast, and did not even observe, till he had been alone, the unusual silence of both his father

and mother. But his father might be silent because he was deep in the newspaper, Frank thought; and his mother might be silent because she was intent upon her work.

Frank, now primed by his breakfast, began a little boasting to Mary.

"Did not I get it quick, Mary? and well, too?"

"Yes; but I hope you never will do so again," said Mary.

"What! not get my lesson quick and well?" said Frank, laughing.

"Oh, Frank!" said Mary, "how soon you forget danger."

"Because I am a man, my dear: but you need not look so melancholy, Mary, I am only joking now, because I am happily over the danger; but seriously I will never do so again: I was near losing all; but it's over now. Had not I better ring for the horses now?"

"No, Frank," said his mother, in a tone which somewhat checked Frank's rising spirits. Laying aside the newspaper, his father now asked him, what could have tempted him to run this chance of "losing all;" and how it had happened that he could have forgotten to learn his lesson till so late.

"Papa," said Frank, "will you be so good not to ask me, because I do not wish to tell you yet what I am about; I want to surprise you with something that I know you will like."

"You were very near surprising me with something that I should have disliked," said his father. "I would rather, Frank, as your father

and friend, much rather, that you had the power of keeping to your resolutions, than that you made the most ingenious thing that ever was thought of by a boy of your age."

"But I thought you liked ingenuity so very much, papa?"

"I like ingenuity much, but resolution more."

"So do I," said his mother. "I have known an ingenious, a very ingenious man, who, for want of resolution to do that which he intended, never finished during his whole life any one of the many ingenious things he began; and from the same want of resolution broke all his promises, ruined himself and his whole family, lived in misery, and died in disgrace."

"Oh, mother! what a shocking picture!"

"What a shocking reality!" said his father.

"But, mamma," said Mary, "you need not be afraid of Frank's wanting resolution; only look at his hands," said she, opening one of Frank's passive hands, and showing the wounds which had been made by the pins and wires. Frank drew back his hand, as if ashamed to claim pity for such trifling hurts.

"My dear Mary, that is nothing; they do not give me any pain."

"But they did give him pain yesterday," persisted Mary: "and all day he worked on, mamma, never minding even when the wounds were ever so much hurt by the worsted."

"Oh, hush, Mary!" cried Frank: "do not say worsted—you will tell all."

"But, mamma, surely he did not fly about from one thing to another yesterday," said Mary:

“ he stuck to—I must not tell you what, all day long, and was at it very, very early this morning, and it was his eagerness to finish one thing, ma’am, that made him forget every thing else in the world, and almost brought him to——”

“ Don’t say disgrace,” interrupted Frank ; “ I cannot bear that word.”

“ It is rather hard, I allow, Mary,” said his mother, “ to reproach poor Frank at the same moment with two seemingly opposite faults, with his not finishing any thing, and with his being too eager to finish one thing. But there is a fault with which I can never reproach him—want of candour.”

Frank’s countenance brightened, and he looked up full in his mother’s eyes, grateful, and conscious that he deserved this.

“ Therefore I need only appeal to himself : he knows whether I accuse him justly or unjustly, when I say, that though he is all eagerness about a new thing, and perhaps intent upon completing a favourite project, yet for this he neglects and forgets what he had formerly intended : then some new fancy comes, and he sweeps away the old one all unfinished.”

“ True, mamma, till yesterday ; quite true of all but my last project : I did certainly stick to my last.”

“ Yes, my dear, because it was your last,” said his mother : “ however, I will not be hard upon you ; one day is a long trial for a boy of your age.”

“ And a great piece of this morning,” said Frank, “ recollect, mamma : and I would will-

ingly go on all day to-day, if I might ; but then you would say I did not keep my resolutions about attending to the useful things : so what can I do ?”

“ Cannot you abide by the determination you once made, to do the useful things, as you properly call them, first, and at fixed hours, which is the surest way of doing them regularly, and then divert yourself as you please, afterwards, with your new or old projects ?”

“ Mamma,” said Frank, “ may I say one thing ?”

“ Yes, my dear,” said his mother, smiling ; “ and you have said so many already, that this question seems unnecessary.”

“ Only make haste,” said his father, “ for this is growing rather long, and I have much to do.”

“ Only, papa, only, mamma,” looking first at one and then at the other : “ I think what I am doing up stairs, my last project, is really as useful as any of those which you call useful things, because it has a great deal to do with astronomy, and is full as grand as any thing in Scientific Dialogues.”

“ Possibly, my dear,” said his father ; “ but you know of this we cannot judge till we see it.”

“ Then,” said Frank, making a great effort over himself, “ I will give up the surprise, and you shall see it : Mary, come with me, and we will bring it down.”

Frank ran up stairs, and returned, carrying into the room his mother’s round tambour-frame, with its two circular rims set in opposite directions, and hung round with divers balls of many

coloured worsteds, stuck with pins and circles, in an indescribable manner. Mary followed, holding the trains of the many-coloured balls ; and Frank looked back to beg her not to entangle the tails of his planets.

“ What have we here ! ” said his father.

“ My orrery, father,” said Frank, setting it on the table before him, with such a sense of importance, that his father could hardly refrain from laughing. However, Frank did not see this ; his father kindly struggled to keep the corners of his mouth in order ; and his mother looked on in silence, while Frank proceeded to point out *his* worsted earth, sun, moon, and planets : that they were some of them far from moving rightly in, or on, or off their wiry orbits, Frank candidly acknowledged.

“ But now, papa, is not it worth finishing ? ”

“ An orrery, sir ! ” said Mary, to whom the word was not yet quite familiar, and sounded very grand : “ an orrery, sir ! Only think, mamma, of that ! all made by himself at his age ! when, as he told me yesterday, even Mr. — the man in the book, did not make an orrery till he was a great many years older ! — Worth finishing ! my dear Frank ; to be sure papa will think it worth finishing : don’t you, papa ? ”

“ If it were possible to finish it,” said his father.

Nothing appeared to Frank more easy, till his father pointed out the defects, the deficiencies, the mistakes—in one word, the *absurdities* ; but he did not use that offensive word, he was tender of Frank’s feelings for his wasted work. His

father, he saw, understood and commended every part that was ingenious, but lamented that so much ingenuity was used in vain. To finish it, to make any part of it exact or useful, to make it any thing but a child's bungling, falling-to-pieces toy, it would, as candid Frank was soon made to perceive, be necessary to possess a knowledge of astronomy, which he had not yet acquired. But still Frank urged, that though he did not know such and such necessary things, yet he knew where to find them in Scientific Dialogues, or in Mr. Ferguson's own receipt, as he called it, for making an orrery. Frank ran for the book, to show and consult his father; and though his father was in a hurry to be gone, he staid to enter into the schemes and counsels of his little son. Mary crept close to him, for she loved him very much.

"Well, papa," said she, "what is your advice to Frank?"

"My first advice to you, Frank," said his father, "and indeed the condition upon which I now stay and give up my time to you, is, that you abide steadily by whatever resolution you now make, either quite to finish, or quite to give up this orrery. If you choose to finish it, you must give up, for some time, reading any thing entertaining or instructive; you must give up arithmetic and history."

"And the Stream of Time, and the lists," said Mary.

"Every thing," said his father, "to this one object of making an orrery; and when made, as well as you possibly could, with my assistance,



make it, observe, your orrery will only be what others have made repeatedly before. It is not an invention that will surprise any body that has sense or knowledge; and to surprise ignorant people, or fools, I suppose you would disdain. It might, perhaps, be a wonder that master Frank made it at master Frank's age; but then master Frank will grow older, and when, or how, or why he made this orrery, few, when he grows to be a man, will know or care: but all will see whether he has the knowledge *which* is necessary for a man and a gentleman to possess. Now choose, Frank."

"Father," said Frank, "I choose to give up the orrery, since I cannot finish it now, without giving up every thing else."

As he spoke, Frank seized his orrery. "Mary, bring your work-basket, my dear," said he.

And she brought it; and he pulled off one by one, deliberately, the worsted sun, moon, earth, and stars, and threw them into the basket which Mary held. Mary sighed, but Frank did not sigh. He was proud to give his father a proof of his resolution: and when he looked around, he saw tears, but they were tears of pleasure, in his mother's eyes. His father shook hands with him; and said,

"This gives me pleasure, Frank; this pays me for giving up my time to you."

"But you are not sure yet, papa," said Frank to his father, who was leaving the room, "that I shall keep to my good resolutions."

"I am not *quite* sure; but this is a good beginning," said his father, looking back with a

smile, which delighted Mary ; “ and Mary knows, that a good beginning makes a good ending.”

“ It shall,” said Frank : “ therefore, mamma, before I stir from this spot, let us settle what things are most necessary for me to do every day, and what hours will be most convenient to you, and best for me to do them in.”

Willingly his mother assisted him in making this arrangement of his time. The feelings of this moment would have inclined him to do too much, and to fix upon too many hours for *useful* studies ; but his mother advised him to attempt little, and engage but for few, that he might be more likely to keep to his intentions.

During the whole of the following month Frank never failed in being punctual to his appointed hours ; but it must be owned, that he owed much to Mary, his dear good little friend, who always reminded him at the right hour, and minute, of what was to be done. Frank often found it difficult to obey her summons, especially once when he was dusting and repairing Mrs. Catherine's cuckoo clock ; but he contrived himself, and at the appointed hour did all that he intended to do.

To his surprise he found, that he had afterwards more time than usual, or that he enjoyed his leisure more. He returned at intervals with greater pleasure to the cuckoo clock, and succeeded in setting it a-going again, entirely to his own and to Mrs. Catherine's satisfaction ; for, as all who may doubt the possibility of this fact should be informed, there was nothing the matter with it, but that it had been choked with the

dust of years. Mary trembled for him on the last day of the month, when, just at the appointed time for his sum in the rule of three, he longed to stay to hear the cuckoo clock, which, as he observed to Mary, wanted but five minutes of cuckooing; but he took her advice, and kept his good resolutions.

---

LATE one morning a servant came into the room, and whispered to Frank, "There is a person wants to speak to you, master Frank, at the gate."

"To me at the gate!" repeated Frank. "I wonder who it is, and why does not he come to the door? Do you know who the person is, James?"

"I do, sir, but I was desired only to say a person, sir," answered the servant.

"It must be master Tom," said Mary.

"Or Squire Rogers," said Frank.

"Go and see who it is, my dear," said his father.

"But I wish you would go with me, papa," said Frank; "for perhaps he will ask me to do something that I cannot do—I mean that I should not do."

"And what then?" said his father. "You have tried and found that you can say no, when it is necessary, without having me at your back."

"Certainly," said Frank, and away he ran.

He staid some time, and he returned looking as

if he had done something important. "You are right, Mary; it was Tom."

"And what did he want?"

"He wanted me to lend him Felix."

"And did you?" said his father, mother, and Mary.

"You shall hear, papa; you shall hear, mamma; Mary, you will find I have done right."

"I do not doubt it," said Mary.

"I hope so," said his mother.

"Let us hear," said his father.

"When I went to the back gate," said Frank; "there I saw Tom in the greatest distress."

"Say what distress, plainly."

"Why, sir, on a horse in such a condition!—oh! as I never saw, as never was seen in this world before! Such a condition! Mamma, its knees were cut and bleeding, and its sides frothing? and it looked dreadfully hot, as if it had been dragged through the river. It stood stiff with one leg out before, and both far out behind. and its head poking, like the bad horses you used to cut out in paper, Mary: it could not go on. Tom declared he could not make it stir a foot farther; and to prove this to me, he said, he would give him a cut with his whip if I pleased."

"But you did not please, I am sure," said Mary.

"Certainly not. I begged Tom would not; I told him I believed him. But he said, the horse was an obstinate brute, and he did give him one slash."

"Oh!" cried Mary.

"The poor horse never stirred: Tom said his arm was tired beating him on, and that he

must go on beating him all the way, for I forget how many miles, if I did not lend him Felix to carry him home. So I lent him Felix, and I hope I did not do wrong."

"No! my dear, generous boy," said his mother.

"Wrong, no Frank, I am glad you did what was good-natured," said his father. "Besides, Felix is your own horse, and you had a right to lend it or not, as you please. But is Felix gone?"

"Off, papa!"

"I wish I had known of this, and I would have lent Mr. Tom a horse less valuable than yours; he is not fit to be trusted with a good one."

"I hope he will not hurt Felix," said Mary.

"No," said Frank, "I think Tom will really ride him gently, because he promised me. So I am almost sure he will, mamma; do not you think he will, when he *promised* upon his word and honour?"

"I should be quite sure you would, Frank," said his father, "if you promised, whether you said upon your word and honour, or not; but I cannot feel so sure about master Tom's truth."

Frank and Mary looked at one another, recollecting at this moment what had happened about swinging on a gate.

"I did not recollect *that*," said Frank. "But, perhaps, he did not promise that time; I never thought of doubting him."

"So much the better," said his father. "I should be very sorry you were suspicious. You did what was right, and what was humane; and I hope you will not suffer for it."

"I hope Felix will not suffer for it," said Frank. "I wish I had thought of coming back to tell papa, and to ask him for a worse horse. But one cannot think of every thing."

"Now, papa, you see that Frank was right in wishing you to go with him at first," said Mary; "for you would have thought of that for him."

"But, my dear Mary, it does Frank much more good to think for himself, than to be saved from making little mistakes by my thinking for him. Besides, though he did not do, perhaps, what was most prudent, I like him the better for not being selfish. If master Tom deceives him, that is master Tom's fault, not Frank's."

"There's no danger, I think," said Frank; "you will see Felix will come back safe to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and no Felix; but a groom brought a note to Frank from Mrs. J——. The note began with many compliments, "and thousands of thanks, and a million of regrets—but Felix had met with a little accident; he had fallen down on the road, as Tom was trotting him quite gently; Tom was fortunately unhurt; but the horse by the fall had strained his shoulder; the hurt, however, was very slight, it would be almost well, probably, to-morrow; but it would be best, however, not to think of stirring him, till the strain should be quite got over, because a strain is an awkward thing."

Frank looked blank, and Mary was almost as sorry as he was. His father desired to see the groom, and questioned him about the horse, and how the accident had happened. The groom,

who had been with master Tom at the time of the fall, said exactly the same as the note ; ending with the same words, " that it would be best not to think of stirring him till the strain should be quite got over, because a strain is an awkward thing."

After Frank's first sorrow and disappointment at not seeing his horse were over, he said, that since Tom was trotting gently, he did what he promised, and that he was not to blame for the horse's falling. Mary said, she was glad it had never fallen when Frank was riding him. She supposed that was because Frank rode better than master Tom.

Tom's horse, which had been well rubbed down and taken care of, was by this time rested, and able to move again ; and he was taken back by Mrs. J——'s groom, who, as he went off, said he would take the greatest care of Felix, if he was left with him a few days longer. But Frank's father thought it best to bring the horse home directly ; and as soon as the groom was gone, he asked Frank if he could walk with him four miles and back again, to see Felix ?

" With you ! Oh yes, papa ! four miles ! five ! six ! ten miles and back again, I am sure I could."

" Well, four miles will do for the present business."

There was a way across the fields and through Janes, by which they walked to Mrs. J——'s. They arrived unexpectedly, and Tom, who first met them, looked guilty, and spoke in a very confused, embarrassed manner. But he reco-

vered himself when his friend the groom appeared, who spoke for him very fast. Frank's father said nothing, but that he wished to see the horse, which was at last brought out of the stable: it was very lame.

"Poor Felix! poor fellow! my poor Felix!" said Frank.

Felix, the moment he saw Frank and heard his voice, tried to quicken his pace towards his master. The groom led him on to the grass plat before the door, to show how well he could walk; but he seemed to step with so much pain, that Frank called to beg he would stop. His father began to examine the shoulder, and found the hurt much more serious than it had been described. The farrier, to whom the groom had constantly referred, now joined them, and while the groom and farrier were talking to his father on one side of the horse, Frank on the other side leaned his face against Felix, trying to keep in his tears—not unseen by Tom, who, coming close to him, muttered,

"Crying! what good crying! Crying for a horse! That's too bad!"

"And if I were," said Frank, looking up, "and for a horse too, it is not so bad as being cruel to a horse, or to any thing!"

Surprised by the indignation that flashed from Frank's little eyes, through his tears, and alarmed by the strong and loud emphasis upon cruel, Tom answered only,

"Hush! hush! Who's cruel? I was only oking. Nobody's cruel. I'm very sorry.



Every body's very sorry. Here's my mother."

His mother came out, "so sorry, so very, *very* sorry!" she said she was, "so shocked, so anxious, about poor dear master Frank's horse; for if it had been any body else's, she should not have been half so shocked;" and as she spoke she would have wiped away a fly from Felix's forehead with her embroidered pocket handkerchief, but Felix did not like it, and she started back, exclaiming,

"Oh! master Frank, take care, the brute will tread on your foot!"

"No danger," said Frank.

"So cool! quite a little hero. I so admire his taking it all so coolly. But you have no idea what Tom has suffered. But Tom never can speak when he feels; he was stamping about last night, and crying?"

"Crying! was he," said Frank. "Crying for a horse, too!"

"And why not, love; a person who has any humanity, any sensibility! and such a sweet horse! I could have cried myself, I am sure. Why should you think it extraordinary that Tom should cry for a horse?"

"Do you hear what the farrier is saying about Felix?" said Tom; and Frank immediately went to listen to him.

The farrier was prophesying and promising, that Felix should be well and as sound as ever, soon, if he was but left to his care; and the groom and he went on talking of potions and lotions, and washes and mashes, and a number of things,

which Frank did not understand ; but all the time kept close to his father, repeating, in a low voice, " Oh ! do take him home, papa. Do let me take him home, papa."

Right glad was Frank when he heard his father order that the bridle should be put on Felix, and say that he would take him home directly. The groom declared, that no man that ever wore spurs could get the horse to go four miles with that shoulder in two hours.

" So you will never be home in time for dinner," said Tom.

" And mamma will be angry," said Mrs. J——.

" No, ma'am, mamma will not be angry, begging your pardon," said Frank. " She is never angry about those things, and papa will not care about dinner. May I go on, papa ?"

" Then my groom must lead him," said Mrs. J——.

" No, no, papa ; pray let me lead him."

His father said that he might, and put the bridle into his hand, saying, that they should return the same way that they came, in which there were no difficulties, no stiles, no ditches, and only two gates, which the farmers would open.

" Come along, Felix," cried Frank.

" But, my dear sir," added Mrs. J——, joining her remonstrances to those of the groom and farrier ; " you would not let master Frank lead the horse himself ? Oh ! pray let my groom ; if any body meets you, how odd they will think it. If any body sees him, what will they say ?"

" I do not mind what they say," said Frank.

" I do not care who sees me : there is nothing

wrong in my leading Felix. No, no, Mr. Groom," said he, resisting the groom, who offered to take the bridle from his hand. "No, no, papa says I may—and I will."

"Will!" repeated Mrs. J——. "Dear me! who would ever have expected to hear such a word from master Frank? I thought master Frank was so good, that he had no will of his own. I thought he always said just as papa pleases."

"Papa pleases, that I should have a will of my own," said Frank. "Look, papa, how Felix follows me," said he, going on, patting him on the *well* shoulder. "Poor fellow—good Felix."

"Sweet creature! how I admire that tenderness! One kiss at parting," cried Mrs. J——, stepping up to him with intent to kiss him, but Frank put his arm across his face at that instant, so that no kiss could be had. She laughed and said, "who'd have thought he was so ungallant? but his heart and soul are in his horse: he can think of nothing but Felix."

And much more Mrs. J—— said, but what more, Frank did not hear, for he led Felix away as well as he could; but as he passed he saw Tom leaning against the stable door, and looking very gloomy; and believing he must be really very unhappy, Frank held out his hand to him, saying, "Shake hands, Tom; you see Felix can walk pretty well, and I dare say he will get quite well."

Tom, now really touched, gave his hand, and said, "Jack, the groom, told me you never would forgive me."

"Did he?" said Frank: "how could he think

so? Not forgive you for an accident! Besides, I know you must be very sorry."

"I am, now," said Tom, turning away his head, "that I am; and do you forgive me, Frank?"

"That I do," said Frank, "and so does Felix, I am sure; he would say so, if he could. Pat him, pat him, that's as good as shaking hands," said Frank.

But the horse started back as Tom approached.

"He's only a horse, and has not sense enough to forgive," said Frank; "but there's my hand for him."

Tom grasped Frank's hand, and was going to say something, but the groom came by to open the gate. Tom's countenance changed, and, letting go Frank's hand, he did not utter whatever it was, that he had been going to say.

With fond words and frequent patting, and careful choosing of his paths through the fields, Frank drew Felix on, slowly indeed, but without much difficulty, till they came to a bit of cross road, where, at the sight of certain flat stepping stones across a ford, he gave signs of terror, and became, what he had never before appeared, quite restive.

Frank's father advised the taking him round by another way, and with his counsel and assistance Felix was brought home, exceedingly tired indeed, but safely. As soon as all that could be devised for his comfort was done, Frank went to Mary, who was anxiously waiting for him to ask many questions; several about Felix and his strain, several about Tom and his promise. To

all that concerned Felix, Frank answered minutely and clearly. But with respect to Tom, he could not be so satisfactory : he could only answer shortly, that he hoped he had kept his promise. That he had not inquired, and that he would rather not think about it.

"But now you have made me think about it," said Frank, "there was something very pale and confused in his countenance at first, and at last too ; but it is not fair to judge by countenance."

"No," said Mary, "for when people are frightened they look pale and confused."

"But do not let us talk of him," said Frank, "any more. I have never thought of him once all the way home ; indeed I could not, for I had to mind every step that poor Felix was taking. My dear Mary, you cannot think how gentle and good he was, or how excessively kind my father was all the way to me and Felix. I shall never forget it if I live an hundred years."

"Nor I neither," said Mary.

After a night's rest, the first questions that were anxiously asked in the morning were, "How does Felix do to-day ? Do you think he will get well ? and how soon ?"

The result of all the consultations was, that Felix would, if great care were taken of him, get well ; but that his recovery could not be expected in less than six weeks. and that during that time he must not be ridden.

"Oh ! if he does but get well, I do not mind that," said Frank. "Must not ride him ! no, to be sure, not till he is quite, quite well. Upon no account I should. But will you take me with you to the stable to see him, papa ?"

His father did so, and his mother was glad to observe, that Frank thought more of the pain his horse suffered than of the loss of the pleasure of his own rides.

"Mamma," said Mary, "I think Frank is not at all selfish. I like people who are not selfish."

The old pony had been sold to the clergyman of the parish, who was very fond of Frank, and who, as soon as he heard of the accident that had happened to Felix, came to offer to lend Frank the pony every second day. But Frank, who knew that he wanted it for his daughter, who was out of health, thanked him with all his heart, but would not accept of this kind offer. He would put riding quite out of his head till Felix should be well, he said, and could make himself contented without it.

"Mary, you know we can find plenty of happy things to do. Oh! my dear, there is Mrs. Wheeler's arbour, which I had almost forgotten; we will set about it directly."

And so he did. His father, pleased with energy, lent him a labourer to assist in making the holes, in which the first rods for the arches were to be put down, with the assistance and instructions of the gardener's basket-making son. And with vigorous and constant work on Frank's part for an hour a day, the arbour advanced, not perhaps as rapidly as he had expected, but well and solidly. When it was closed in, with well-wove wicker-work, Mary was brought to see it, and and not even Mrs. Wheeler herself delighted in it more. Mary said, that she would plant cuttings of ever-blowing roses, and of *clematis*, and cuttings of honey-suckle, early and late blowing

woodbine, so that there might be, as the gardener said, a succession of flowers in blow, both in spring and autumn. The only disagreeable consideration was, that now was not the proper season for these cuttings, nor could they be planted before next spring or autumn. Frank's mother said she would give them some sweetbriar berries : of these Mary thought but ; little but Frank, who had had more experience, and who recollected a sweetbriar hedge which had grown up a foot high in one year, from berries which he had seen his mother sow, rejoiced now in the thoughts of putting them into the ground next spring.

" But when will they come up ?" said Mary.

" Next summer," said Frank : " next autumn they will be this high, and the year after they will be that high," said he, marking different stages on the wicker-work.

" But you will be at school then," said Mary.

" But I shall come home in the holidays, shall not I, mamma ? And then I shall see them and smell them too ; besides, we are doing this for Mrs. Wheeler, and she will not go to school next year, you know."

Old Mrs. Wheeler, who was just seated in her new seat in the arbour, rocked with laughing at the idea of her going to school with Frank ; though she said she was so fond of him, God bless his little bones, which has worked so hard for her, she would go even to school to please him if he asked her. Then she began to tell something of a woman, who had learned to read in her sixtieth year. But though Frank's mother listened, neither Frank nor Mary paid much

attention to what she was saying ; for Mary was sweeping away some litter with a new broom, and Frank's mind had gone back to the sweetbriars and to former times.

As he was walking home, he said, " Do you remember, mamma, the time when you were sowing those sweetbriar berries, and I was holding the little basket for you ? I have not forgotten the verses you then repeated for me, and that I learnt that day about the lark, who was

"to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine."

Mary asked, " What is eglantine ?" And Frank said he knew she would ask that question, and he bid her guess.

She guessed that it was woodbine, honeysuckle. So Frank had thought, he said, till his mother that day told him that it is sweetbriar, But Mary repeated, " '*Twisted eglantine:*' woodbine twists more than sweetbriar, I think ; and, besides, in the line before, it says, through the *sweetbriar*, or the vine. Then you see the man mentions sweetbriar twice over."

" Very true, very well, Mary, indeed !" said Frank ; " is not it, mamma, the very thing the critic in the book said ; but I can show you, Mary, in a book, when we go home, that it is supposed eglantine meant, in former days, some other kind of dog rose, different from sweetbriar."

Here the conversation was interrupted by



George Wheeler riding by on his cart horse, who bid them good day and trotted on.

"How merrily he goes! Oh! when will poor Felix trot as well again?" said Mary.

"Just what I was thinking," said Frank.  
"But do not let us think of him. Mamma, I am very glad we have had something else to do; for it would not be of any use to Felix, that I should be unhappy all day long; would it, mamma? Mamma, I think that I had better begin to learn French, because Mary is learning it; and she used to learn it when I was out riding: and to tell me some of the French words when I came home."

"He will soon be able to read the fairy tale I am reading, mamma," said Mary, "'The Golden Ram.' But first he must go through '*Toiles d'araignées pour attraper les mouches*,' Cobwebs to catch flies."

"Cobwebs! why must I go through them?" said Frank.

"Because I did," said Mary.

"It is not absolutely necessary that he should begin with the same that you read first, Mary," said his mother; "but it is necessary that he should learn the verbs."

"Always those verbs!" cried Frank.

"Yes," said his mother; "you know how useful it is to learn the verbs, which are perpetually wanted in every sentence."

"I know it, mamma. Papa and Latin grammar taught me that long ago. Colonel Birch advised me to learn French, and told me that he was sorry he did not learn it early; for once, when he was in France and Spain, he was very near

losing his life and many men's lives by not understanding French."

When they had rested after this walk, and when Frank had finished all he had to say, or to hear, about Felix, Mary brought "*Cobwebs to catch flies*," and sat down beside him, waiting for the happy moment to catch his attention.

"Read the titlepage," said Frank. Since Ferguson's Life they had regularly reminded each other to read titlepages.

"*Toiles d'Araignées pour attraper les Mouches, ou courts Dialogues pour l'Instruction des Enfans, depuis l'age de trois ans jusqu'à l'age de huit.*"

Mary translated this as she read on: "Short Dialogues for the Instruction of Children, from the Age of three years old to eight years old." Frank looked proudly down upon the book and said, "Mary, it is too little for me—three years old indeed!"

"To eight!" said Mary.

"But I am past nine, you know."

"Never mind your age," said Mary. "The easiest things are the best to begin with. First let me read this bit to you about Tom and a horse."

"Tom and a horse! Oh! what is it?" said Frank.

Mary then read the following sentences, which she translated for Frank.

"*Ah voila un cheval, j'aime bien le cheval.—Allons monsieur, marchez allez le trot.—Je ne vous ferai pas trotter dans les mauvais chemins.*"

"Skip to Tom at the top of the next page," said Frank.

"*Tom vous lavera les jambes et les pieds pour en oter le boue et le sable.*"

Mary translated, and then said,

"You see this Tom was very careful of his horse, quite different from your master Tom. But, mamma, is not it very extraordinary that the name should be Tom, and about a horse?"

"No, Mary, I do not think it very extraordinary—Tom is a common name."

"But is not it very odd, that Tom takes care of a horse, ma'am?"

"Not very odd: many Toms take care of horses."

"But it is curious, mamma, that we should see it in the book to-day, just when we are thinking about Felix and Tom."

"That was what made you take notice of it," said her mother.

"That is true, mamma, for I have read it before twice, and I never took notice of it till now. But it seems a sort of—I do not know how to express what I mean, mamma."

"It is like what papa observed, yesterday," said Frank, "about something which you had been reading of in an old book, which was the first thing he saw when he opened the newspaper, just after you had done speaking. I remember papa said this is a *coincidence*; that was the word, was not it, mamma? and it means, for I asked him—but I don't recollect, exactly."

"The happening of things at the same time, that seem to have no connexion, or that really have no connexion," said his mother. "But why does Mary look so wondrous grave?"

"I suppose she was thinking of something very wise," said Frank.

"I was not thinking of any thing wise," said Mary; "I was only thinking, mamma—but I know you will say it is so very foolish."

"And suppose I do, if it is not foolish, my saying so will not make it foolish; and if it is, perhaps my pointing it out to you may assist you to make it wise."

"Very true, mamma; then you must know, that a few nights ago, the very night before the day that Felix was hurt, I dreamed, and you know, mamma, I always tell the exact truth about dreams, as well as about every thing else——"

"Come," said Frank, "do, my dear, make haste and tell the dream."

"Well," said Mary, "I dreamed exactly what happened to Felix the next day, that he fell down, and hurt himself very much; so I think dreams have something to do with what is to happen, mamma."

"What do you think, mamma?" said Frank, eagerly.

"I think it is more likely that they have something to do with what *has happened*," answered his mother.

"But, ma'am, you know Felix did not fall down till the next day, so her dream could not have any thing to do with what had happened, but it might have something to do with what was to come. You will allow this is good reasoning, mamma. So, as grand people in books say, *we may conclude that*——"

"Stay, my dear Frank," interrupted his mo-

ther, "you must not skip to your conclusion so fast; we are not yet sure of the facts."

"Oh, ma'am," said Mary, with a look and tone of injured innocence. "can you doubt my telling truth?"

"Not in the least, my dear Mary."

"And yet you say you do not know the facts."

"I do not; I have not yet heard even the dream exactly. You say, Mary, that you dreamed exactly what happened."

"Yes, mamma."

"But I do not know exactly what did happen; if you do, Mary, tell me."

"Do not you know, ma'am, that Felix fell down," said Frank, "and sprained his shoulder."

"But it was not his shoulder that was hurt in my dream," said Mary.

"What then?" said Frank.

"His nose," said Mary.

"His nose!" repeated Frank, laughing: "that's very different."

"That is one difference," said Mary. "And there were some others," said she, smiling. "Mamma, in my dream, when he fell, he tumbled head over heels—and twice."

"Oh!" cried Frank, laughing, "there is another difference, indeed! did you ever see a horse tumble head over heels—twice, too?"

"Let her go on, my dear, and tell us the dream without interruption."

"Twice head over heels I saw him go, and it was on the grass plot; and you, Frank, were upon his back the first time, and mamma called out to you, 'Take care of my roses,' which I 'hought very odd, because I was much more

afraid of your being hurt than the roses, for you were under the horse ; but he scrambled up again in the oddest way ! he had hands something like yours, but more like monkey's paws : but you were not on his back when he got up again ; you were changed to Tom, with his whip in his hand ; and when he slashed it, over went the horse, head over heels again, and Felix hit his nose against the oddest thing—the tea-chest. mamma ! and when his nose began to bleed, I ran to him, like a goose, with my pocket-handkerchief ; and Tom slashed him, and Frank tried to stop his hand ; Frank caught hold of the bridle, but Felix reared ; and then Felix changed into Squire Rogers's Stamper ; and as he put out his foot to knock Frank down, I was so frightened I wakened suddenly ; and I thought no more about it till after breakfast : the first thing I heard was, that Felix had tumbled down with Tom, and that he was very much hurt. So you see, mamma—”

“ Yes, I see, my dear, that this dream was very far from being exactly what happened afterwards : but almost all the parts of it you may trace back, by your own account, to things that happened before.”

She reminded Mary, that Frank had the preceding day been tumbling head over heels upon the grass plot ; that she had said, take care of my roses ; and that Frank, showing his hands, said that they looked like monkey's paws.

“ And a week ago,” said Frank, “ I fell down and hit my nose against Mrs. Catherine's tea-chest, and you ran up with your pocket handkerchief : and as to Tom's slashing, that was very

natural ; it came from the description I gave you of his beating his own horse at the gate. As mamma says, almost the whole of the dream was from things that had passed, oddly put together, certainly ; but there was nothing foretold."

"Except the chief thing, Frank," said Mary, "which was the fall of Felix with Tom, and his being hurt—all that *came true* ! and this is extraordinary."

"Not very extraordinary," said Frank ; because, if you recollect, papa, the day before, when he heard I had lent Felix to Tom, said, 'I should not be surprised if some accident happens, Tom rides so violently : ' and I recollect, now, that I tumbled head over heels just at that time, and said, 'No, papa, I hope not.' "

Frank asked Mary if she were now convinced that things, which had passed, made out her dream pretty well ; and she said she was. His mother observed, that it was useful to look back, and trace dreams in this manner, because it prevents our having foolish superstitious fears, or expectations, that they foretel what will happen. "Circumstances," as she observed, "do sometimes occur, that are like what we dream of ; just as what happens one day is like what happens another ; and sometimes *concidences* occur, like Tom and the horse in the book being seen just at the time when Tom and the horse were seen in reality ; but though it may be amusing to observe these odd coincidences, nothing can be learned from them for guiding our conduct."

"No, mamma," said Frank. "But we have got

a great way from Cobwebs to catch flies, and the French verbs : *mamma*, would you really advise me to begin to learn French ?”

“Certainly, my dear, I advise you to begin if you mean to continue, but not else.”

Frank said he *did* and he would ; and Mary appealed to the proofs he had given of his perseverance and punctuality during the last six long weeks. Time and place were settled accordingly, and Frank began, *j'ai, tu as, il a, nous avons, vous avez, ils ont.*

---

“HERE is the engineer's carriage, Frank ! come, come,” said Mary.

“But there's nobody in it but himself !” said Frank. “His son is not with him, and yet he promised to bring Lewis.”

“How do you do, sir ? I am very glad to see you. I thought you promised to bring your son Lewis with you.”

“I promised to bring him if I could, but I could not ; and why, do you think ?”

“I can't guess,” said Frank, “for I am sure you have room enough in that carriage ; besides, if he had a mind to come, he could sit any where, in ever so little room, as I do.”

“But Lewis did not choose to come,” said the engineer.

“Not wish to come here, and to see Frank !” said Mary.

“I said he did not choose to come,” said the engineer ; “I never said he did not wish to



come, did I? Did I, my little lady? We must be accurate in these nice affairs."

"But why did not he choose to come if he wished it?" said Frank.

"Because he had a kind uncle, who was ill, and who wished that he should stay with him; and Lewis staid, because he thought it was right."

"Very right," said Mary.

"I like him the better for it: but will he never come?" said Frank.

"Yes, he'll come on Tuesday by the coach. Will you be so good," continued the engineer, turning to Frank's father, "to send a horse to meet him, wherever the coach puts up?"

"Oh my poor Felix! how glad I should have been to have lent him," thought Frank; but he said nothing; it was too tender a subject.

Other means were arranged for bringing Lewis, and other subjects were talked of in which Frank and Mary had no concern. They took care not to interrupt the conversation, but Frank hoped that the engineer would not forget to question him about the ecliptic, and the uses of astronomy and trigonometry, which Mary was sure that Frank understood now, since he had explained them so clearly, that even she could comprehend them.

At tea-time, his friend the engineer turned to him, and, laughing, asked if he was or was not now in the situation of "*the triangle man*." Frank, who had grown a little more modest as his knowledge had a little increased, answered, that he hoped he was not; he had read, and, he be-

lieved, he understood all that had been marked for him.

Upon examination, his friend found that he was now quite clear upon all the points to which he had directed his attention, and into which his vain attempts to make an orrery had led him still further to inquire.

"I rejoice, my dear Frank," said his father, "that it is now in my power to give you pleasure, and a sort of pleasure which you have in some degree earned for yourself."

As he spoke, he took out of his pocket a printed paper, which looked like a play-bill. When he unfolded and held it before Frank's eyes, the first words he saw in large letters was *Orrery and Eidouranion*.

"Orrery! oh delightful orrery!" repeated Frank, seizing the paper, which his father let fall into his hands. Frank read, and learned that a man of the name of Bright had brought an orrery to the neighbouring county town, and that he would show it, and give an explanatory lecture upon it the following evening at nine o'clock: tickets of admission, &c.

His father told him that he would give him a ticket, and take him to see it.

"And Mary, papa?"

"And Mary, if it will be any pleasure to her—if she can understand it."

Frank answered for her pleasure and understanding; and she pointed to a line in the advertisement, which said, that the lecture would be peculiarly adapted to the capacities of young people.

On Monday evening they all went to see the orrery. It was to be shown in the play-house. They were seated in the box opposite to the stage, and Mary and Frank were placed in the front row, beside his mother ; his father and his friend the engineer were close behind them, so that they could answer their questions.

It was the first time they had ever been in any play-house, and the sight of the lamps, the lights, the company, the boxes, the pit, and the great curtain before the stage, occupied their attention fully for some time. Presently they heard a noise made by the people in the pit, knocking with their canes against the ground. Frank's father told him, that this was a sign that the people were growing impatient for the curtain to draw up. Frank and Mary, who had not yet finished counting all the lamps, wondered how the people could be so impatient. But while they were counting the row of lights, which were before the stage, these began to sink down, and the other lamps in the house were shaded, so that all were nearly in darkness ; and at the same moment soft music was heard, and the curtain began to draw up. The music was from an harmonica, which was concealed behind the scenes. While this soft music played the curtain drew up slowly, and they beheld two globes, that seemed self-suspended in air. One seemed a globe of fire, with some dark spots on its surface ; a blaze of light issuing from it in all directions, and its rays half enlightened the other globe, of which half remained in darkness.

Frank and Mary, in breathless admiration, looked at these globes, which they knew represented the sun and the earth ; and they began to watch the motions of these orbs, when a man in a brown coat came upon the stage, with a white pocket handkerchief in his hand. As he entered he looked back and nodded to some one behind the scenes, and at that nod the globes representing the sun and earth stood still. He then blew his nose, which Mary thought he might as well have done before he came on the stage ; and then he bowed to the audience, and said, he had the misfortune to inform them that he was only Mr. Bright's assistant, for Mr. Bright himself could not appear this night. At these words he was interrupted by loud cries of "*Off! off!*" from a great part of the audience, and of hisses and beating of sticks against the floor, while others in the pit and boxes clapped their hands, endeavouring to overpower the hisses. At last they were overpowered ; and the man, who had stood bowing, and looking very much frightened, could be heard ; and he began again to speak in rather a trembling voice : he assured the gentlemen and ladies, that Mr. Bright was really so ill ~~in~~bed with a violent cold, that it would have been morally, and physically, and utterly impossible that he could have appeared this night, or that his voice could have had the happiness of being heard by gentlemen and ladies, if he had attempted to do himself the honour of lecturing them this night : that he, Mr. Bright's assistant, and unworthy substitute, was, therefore, under the necessity of presenting himself to the generous

and humane public, whose favourable hearing he implored. The generous and humane public, on hearing this, and being convinced that Mr. Bright was really ill, clapped with one accord ; and Mr. Bright's assistant bowed his thanks, and, quite reassured, he began again with "Gentlemen and ladies, this is an orrery, gentlemen and ladies, as I shall have the honour of explaining to you."

Frank and Mary sat forward and listened. But instead of explaining the orrery, he began to talk of *celestial harmony*, or *the music of the spheres*, which he told them they had just heard : yet which had never really existed, except in the fanciful systems of the ancients. But he forgot to tell what the music of the spheres was supposed to be.

Frank looked back in his distress to his father, who whispered, that the ancients supposed, that the heavenly bodies in moving made certain musical sounds. There was no time for more explanation, for the lecturer was going on to something new. He said much of the harmonic numbers, and of chaos : and so much about the Copernican and Ptolemaic systems, and the disputes of the learned, that Mary was nearly asleep before he came to the orrery. Frank, too, was quite tired, for he had strained his attention listening to a vast number of words, which he had thought were all necessary, and of which nearly half were nothing to the purpose.

"I wish he would tell something about the orrery before I am quite fast asleep, mamma," whispered Mary.

“ I wish he would leave out all about the disputes, or knock down at once all the men that were wrong, papa,” said Frank, “ and come to the right.”

At last he came to the right, as far as we know at present : and then he gave his nod, and the earth and sun having been released, they resumed their motions. Frank stood up, and Mary awakened, and they were delighted with all they saw, as much as they had been tired with all they had heard. They saw the earth, as it turned on its axis, lightened on the side next the sun, and dark on the other, representing day and night ; and they saw at the same time the earth pursue its annual journey round the sun in its path aslant, with its north and south pole each alternately turning to the sun, so as to produce summer and winter for the southern and northern hemispheres (or halves of the globe.) And they saw the sun in the midst, turning round slowly.\* Mary observed the moving of the spots on his face, which made his motion more apparent. This scene was particularly interesting to Frank, from the pains he had taken, and the various attempts he had made, to understand and to represent them. In the second scene, they saw the earth and the sun, with the addition of another globe representing the moon ; and the object of this scene was to represent the changes, and the causes of the changes of the moon. They saw the moon, without any light of her own, receiving light from the sun. They saw her journeying in

\* In twenty-five days and a quarter.

her monthly course round the earth, sometimes showing more, sometimes less, of the enlightened part. Next they saw an eclipse of the moon, and they understood its cause. Whenever Frank found any thing above his comprehension, he was not ashamed to ask his father, or the engineer, who kindly explained to him what he wished, for, as they said, he deserved it.

"Are you tired, Frank?" said his mother.

"Not in the least, thank you, mamma."

"And you, Mary, are you awake or asleep?"

"I am awake now, mamma; I was very sleepy, but I am better since I saw the moon and the eclipse."

By this time the lecturer had come to an explanation of the cause of the tides, which neither Mary nor Frank could comprehend. His father judiciously and kindly took them out to rest their attention, and refresh themselves while this lasted. They went into a cool room, where they eat oranges and biscuits, and drank lemonade, till the tides were over. When they returned to the box, they found that the last scene was just begun, and this was the most beautiful. It showed the whole solar system, as it is called, with every planet and satellite in their annual and diurnal rotation: and there they saw bright Venus and red Mars, and Jupiter with his satellites, and Saturn with his ring; and last, not least, they saw a comet, with its bright tail. The curtain fell, and Frank and Mary were sorry, for they were now much more awake than they had been at first. It was very different with some of the other little children, who had not been awakened

by the moon or by the eclipse, nor even by the comet, but were now in Mary's late condition, dead asleep, in various attitudes. Of some, only the hairy heads could be seen in the front of the boxes : others lolling on their mother's laps, or propped against father's shoulders, or, stretched at lubber length upon the benches, filled the places of those who had fairly given up, and had been carried home before the lecture was done. When the curtain fell, numbers of little bodies reappeared, and rose, stretching, gaping, writhing ; and were pushed, pulled, lifted, hauled over the benches, and along the passages.

"Mamma," said Frank, as soon as they were all seated in the carriage, "do not you think it was a pity to bring such very little children to this lecture ? Did you see that they were all asleep ?"

"And I will tell you what, mamma," said Mary, "I should have been just in the same condition, if Frank had not explained a great deal beforehand ; and, after all, I was rather sleepy at first, while the preface was speaking."

Frank, and his father, and mother, and engineer, all agreed in expressing their dislike to long prefaces for young people : and Frank added, for Mary's comfort, that even he, after all his reading in Scientific Dialogues, had much difficulty sometimes in understanding both the machine and the lecturer.

"And, besides, the man often lowered his voice so much, that I could scarcely hear him," said Mary.

"You remember, mamma," continued Frank,



"how I was puzzled at first reading Scientific Dialogues ; and how much more difficult it would have been here, in the midst of all the lights, and noise, and new things, to have understood it all : I never could, I am sure, unless I had read the description and explanation beforehand."

Frank thanked his friend the engineer for the trouble he had taken to mark the passages for him.

His father and mother now began to talk about something that did not interest the children, and Mary fell asleep, and slept till Frank wakened her, saying, " Mary, the moon is rising !" and Mary started up, and looked at the moon.

" How beautiful !" said she : " and how —— " sublime ! she would have said, but she did not know the word well enough : she knew the feeling. She asked if she might let down the glass, which Frank accomplished for her directly : it was a fine clear frosty night, and she stood perfectly still and silent, enjoying the feeling of the fresh air, and the sight of the moon, the blue sky, and the innumerable stars.

" Mary," said Frank, " only think of that moon's being another world ! "

" I do not know how to imagine it," said Mary.

" But it is really so," said Frank : " and all these stars are worlds ! How wonderful ! What is the orrery compared to this, Mary ! " said Frank, in a very serious tone. " How grand ! how different from any thing that the most ingenious man in this world can make ! "

They were both silent again for a little while, and the engineer said,

"How silent they are! Miss Mary, you will be tired of standing; and you must be very cold at that open window; here is room for you to sit down beside me."

"Thank you sir," said Mary, "but if you please I would rather stand; I am not tired nor cold, I am very happy."

"And what can you have been thinking of, that has kept you so silent, Mary?"

"Mamma, I was thinking of a great many things—of the stars, and of the moon, and of——at the very instant you spoke I was thinking of some verses upon the moon."

"I know," said Frank—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of light."

"Not those," said Mary, "but the others, which I learned from your book, Frank:—

"By thy command the moon, as daylight fades,  
Lifts her broad circle in the deep'ning shades;  
Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,  
She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;  
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,  
She changes, still another, yet the same!  
Now in decrease, by slow degrees she shrouds  
Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds;  
Now of increase her gathering beams display  
A blaze of light, and give a paler day.  
Ten thousand stars adorn her glitt'ring train,  
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Through the wide heavens she moves serenely bright,  
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;  
Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,  
And with a bright disorder paints the skies.\*"

"Good morning to you, papa; do you know there is a man in the hall who is waiting to speak to you, sir?" said Frank; "a very *hoarse* man, papa."

"Coarse or fine, he must not be kept waiting, Frank," said his father, rising from the breakfast table.

"*Hoarse*, not *coarse*, I said, papa: shall I ring, or go myself, and ask him to come in?"

"Does he look like a gentleman?"

"I do not know, papa; but he speaks like a gentleman."

"Then go and tell him we are at breakfast, and ask him to walk in, if he pleases; and if he does not choose to come in, I will go to him."

Frank went, and returned with a person, who, as Mary thought, exactly suited Frank's description. It was Mr. Bright the lecturer, to whom the orrery belonged, and who had been prevented from lecturing himself by having a severe cold. He was still so hoarse, that he could scarcely be heard, but he hoped that he should recover his voice in a day or two; and his present object was to announce his intention of giving a course of lectures on natural philosophy, and of adapting some to the use of young people. He hoped for subscriptions and encouragement; and he particularly wished for advice, he said, from those who had children, and who knew what was likely to suit their taste and comprehension. Frank's father and mother were pleased with the modest, sensible manner in which he spoke; and, after looking over his prospectus, or view of the subjects on which he intended to

lecture, they pointed out what they thought might be best adapted to different ages ; they advised dividing the lectures into those fit for the younger and the elder auditors ; and recommended that these should be given on separate days ; and that those for the younger children should never exceed half an hour at a time.

Mary thought this an excellent regulation. She and Frank listened to all that was said, while his father and mother and the engineer advised with the lecturer what subjects and experiments should be chosen.

She was glad that some facts were to be told of the history of birds and bees, and dogs, and elephants, and different animals. And Frank rejoiced that something was to be said of roofing houses, and of windmills, and of the sails of ships. And he was glad to hear that this gentleman had an electrical machine, for he wished exceedingly to feel the electrical shock, and to see the electrical spark, and an electrical horse race, and several entertaining wonders, of which he had heard rumours. Mary was not very anxious to feel the electrical shock, but she was particularly happy to hear that there was to be an air-pump.

She had been told, that in an air-pump a guinea, in falling to the ground, makes no more noise than a feather. She wished to see and hear if this were true. She had also read, in one of her little books, a curious anecdote about a cat, who had saved her life when put into an air-pump, by stopping, with her paw, the hole out of which

the air was going. Mary wished to see whether any other cat would do the same. Yet she hoped no cruel experiments would be tried ; none, such as even a mouse would petition against.

The lecturer smiled, and said, he presumed the young lady alluded to " The Mouse's Petition," which Dr. Priestley found one morning on his table.

When the lecturer took leave, he said, that he should have pleasure in showing Frank the orrery again, and in letting him see the concealed machinery, by which it was moved. He said, that he had heard from his assistant how very attentive Frank had appeared to the lecture ; that without knowing who he was, he had taken notice of him as the most attentive of all the young auditors ; and that he had afterwards inquired, and been told who Frank was. He had observed, that almost all the other children were either inattentive or asleep.

Mr. Bright promised that the children's lecture should not last longer than half an hour ; and with this agreeable promise he departed, after thanking Frank's father and mother for their advice and assistance, saying, that he wished that all the young people whom he had to teach, had some previous instruction before they came to hear public lectures.

Frank was glad that the lectures were not to begin till Wednesday, because by that time the engineer's son would have arrived.

On Tuesday morning, just as they were going to luncheon, his father exclaimed,

" Here's Lewis !"

• Mary, and, to tell the truth, Frank, felt a little afraid, for they had heard the engineer say, that his son was translating Milton's Samson Agonistes into Latin verse, and reading Herodotus in Greek, and the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles : they fancied that he must be too grand and learned for them. They were agreeably surprised when they saw his good-natured, good-humoured face. Mary thought he did not look in the least conceited, nor too wise and solemn. He could stand, and sit, and speak like any body else, but quite different from master Tom ! His manner of speaking especially was very gentlemanlike.

The moment that luncheon was finished, Frank asked him if he would like to go out and walk.

Yes, he said, he should.

Mary, who recollected that master Tom had told Frank that he would be laughed at by school boys, if he walked with little girls, did not offer to follow them, till Lewis, looking back, in a very good-natured manner said to Frank, "Is not your sister coming with you."

"Thank you," said Frank. "Come Mary. She is not my sister, but it is just the same."

Lewis said he had sisters of his own, to whom he was always glad to go home in the holidays ; but his home was a great way off, he never went there more than once a year. His sisters always took care of his garden for him, when he was away ; and he was very fond of it, and of them. Frank and Mary were sorry that it was winter, because their gardens and island would not be worth looking at, at this season ; however, he liked seeing them, and said, that many things here put him in mind of his own home.

When they came in, after this walk, Lewis went to his father ; and as Mary was running up stairs to put by her bonnet, Frank called to her, and said, " Mary, how do you like him ? "

" Very well ! " said Mary ; " was not it good-natured of him to ask me to walk with you ? and when I was following you through the wood, he held back the boughs for me. He is not at all a bear. "

" No, " said Frank. " Mrs. J—— may say what she pleases, but all boys are not naturally little bears. No, nor even all schoolboys. "

" But Frank, " said Mary, " you did not ask him any questions about school and his school-fellows. "

" My-dear, how could I, when most of the time we were hare and hounds, or at the gardens ? I had not time. "

" But why do not you follow him to his room now ? " "

" Because his father is with him ; and we must let him have his own *talk* with his father, " said Frank.

" Certainly ; but I do not think his father is with him. There he is going down stairs. Now, Frank, run up, and do ask him every thing about school. "

Frank found Lewis alone in his room, but not in a condition to answer questions about school, for he was finishing a little note for home : a candle lighted on the table, and a packet of letters open.

" I see you are busy, " said Frank. " I only

came to ask questions about school, but I will not talk to hinder you."

Lewis begged him to come in, and said that talking never hindered him ; but that he could not be sure of his having any sense for answers, till he had sent off the letters for home, which his father had left him to finish and seal.

Before he sealed his little note he began to shuffle about the room in search of——

"What?" said Frank.

"My carpet bag," said he.

Frank found it for him. It was stuffed so as never carpet bag was stuffed before : yet that is a bold word. Out of it he dragged shoes, boots, shirts, books, trousers, jackets, innumerable little parcels, and strange things directed to different people, and all these he began to kick about, and tumble over, in search of something.

"What?" said Frank.

"A bit of yellow silk," said Lewis, rummaging on in the grèatest hurry. Oh, the *post* will be *too late*!"

And Frank tumbled over the things too to help him, but without well knowing what it was he was looking for ; but at last, turning one of a pair of new boots upside down, and saying to himself "Poor Felix!" out dropped something like a lock of yellow hair, upon which Lewis pounced, put it into his note, and sealed the letters.

"It is very well," said Frank, "you knew what you were looking for : I did not. I never should have known that was yellow silk. But how you burn your fingers with the wax, without



minding it ! Give me the packet, and I will run down, and put it in the post-bag for you."

" And pray," said Lewis, " come back again."

He did so ; and now Lewis had sense to answer questions.

The result of all the questions asked, and answers given, was, that Lewis liked home much better to be sure than school ; but he liked his own school better than any other.

Boys were never flogged there for making mistakes in Latin grammar, or for any thing about learning.

There was no flogging except for the most disgraceful faults, such as theft and lying.

He liked his master as well as he could like a schoolmaster, though he had very little to do with him, he was a very clever man, a very good man ; he was just, and had no favourites.

Frank begged that Lewis would tell him the names of all his schoolfellows.

Lewis answered, that this would not be soon done ; for there were some hundreds.

" Some hundreds !" exclaimed Frank. " All in one house ! What a house it must be !"

Before Frank recovered from his surprise, the dinner bell rang, and he went down stairs.

The long winter evening would have been a doleful affair to master Tom, or *with* him. Mary, remembering Tom's declaration, that he had " enough and too much of books at school," and that schoolboys never touched one in the holidays, resolved, that she would not mention any, or even look towards their bookcase ; and she thought it would not be civil to read, and

begged that Frank would not. But Lewis went to the bookcase of his own accord, and asked if they would lend him any thing entertaining to read. Then Mary quickly took down their *best* books, and spread them before him ; and, far from looking at them with the disgust and disdain with which Tom had surveyed her pile of literature, he examined each. He knew them almost all, even Bingley's History of Quadrupeds. This was a disappointment to Mary ; but then, if he had read them all, it was a comfort to find that he liked those best, which Frank had preferred. There was one of her books on insects,\* which he had not seen before, and she began to talk to him of butterflies, and caterpillars, and spiders. Frank whispered,

" My dear, those things are too little for him."

" No," Lewis said, " not in the least too little ;" he confessed he knew scarcely any thing about them ; he did know something though of silkworms : he and several of the boys at his school had some.

" Silkworms at school ! and at a boy's school !" said Mary.

" And at a school with hundreds of boys !" added Frank. " I never should have thought it."

Yet so it was. And, to Mary's astonishment, Lewis knew how they were to be fed with mulberry leaves ; and how the silk was to be wound from the cocoons, " And I have wound a great deal of it myself. I sent home some to my sister

\* *Dialects on Entomology.*

to-day. 'That was the yellow silk, Frank, which you saw.'

He hoped that he had another bit left for Mary, and he ran up stairs to look for it, and Frank ran after him, and they again searched among the scattered contents of the bag, and at last found a card of silkworms' silk, which had been left as a mark in "Ali Pasha," a prize poem. Mary wondered how boys' great fingers could wind such delicate silk! Fine as the cobwebs in the *telescope*, she was going to say, but she changed it into "the finest cobweb I ever saw."

She was so much pleased with this, that she wished to have some silkworms to take care of herself, especially as their friend the gardener had a mulberry tree, but Lewis advised her not. She asked why? He hesitated to answer: but when she pressed, he replied; "that they were very dirty, had a disagreeable smell, and were apt to eat too much, and sometimes eat till they burst." Any one of these reasons, but particularly the last, would have been enough for Mary. To put the gluttonous silkworms out of her head she opened one of her favourite books and fortunately this was one of which Lewis never had heard. It opened at the history of a canary bird, who could spell the longest word that could be required. For instance, *Constantinopolitanus*, not speaking, but picking out the letters one by one from a pasteboard alphabet laid before it on the table.

Mary, seeing that Lewis was amused with this, could not refrain from turning over the leaf to other anecdotes in honour of horses, asses, ti-

gers, lions, ants, robin redbreasts, water wagtails, and innumerable others.

Frank's mother smiled and said, "My dear Mary, have mercy! Though Lewis listens with so much good nature, all these animals cannot be interesting to him: he must be tired."

Lewis, however, declared that he was not tired, and begged to have this book, and any which Mary could lend him about animals. As it happened, he had at present a particular interest on his own account, in reading histories of animals; for he, and all the boys in his class at school, had a thesis to write, and it was to be a copy of verses. Each was to choose for his theme any bird, beast, fish, or insect, which they liked best. Now his first difficulty was which bird, beast, fish, or insect he should choose; an hour of this evening was merrily spent by Frank, Mary, and Lewis, in pleading in honour of insect, bird, beast, and fish.

Frank's father and mother, and the engineer and all, condescended to join in the pleadings. The engineer chose, or would have chosen, the half-reasoning elephant for his hero, and had Indian anecdotes, credible and incredible, to tell; and much to say about the elephant's judging of the strength of bridges by only putting his foot on them; and drawing cannon for armies, where no power of horse, or man, or mechanism, could avail; but scarcely had the engineer pronounced the words, "I choose the elephant," when Lewis exclaimed,

"Oh, sir, you can't have the elephant, for he's engaged to young Little, one of my friends."

“ Then I will take the beaver.”

“ But, my dear father, the beaver is engaged too, to George Ruddiman.”

“ Well—may I ‘ learn of the bee to build, the nautilus to sail ? ’ ”

“ No you must not, papa ; the nautilus and the bee were engaged three deep.”

“ The whale, then ? ”

“ No, sir, Milliken has the whale.”

The pelican, Frank’s mother would have taken ; but the pelican belonged to a particular friend, Edgeware, and could not be had. She then chose the sea bear, who so heroically defends her cubs : but Frank laughed her out of the sea bear, by saying that she must leave that for Mrs. J——, who maintained that all little boys are bears, and her own in particular.

Frank’s father took the lion for his share, and, with the help of Androcles and Scipio Africanus, hoped to make much of him.

But he was obliged to give up the lion and Scipio ; for Joe Thomson had made fifty-nine verses upon him already ; and, after that, would it be fair to take him from Joe ?

So many of the best beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, being thus pre-engaged to particular friends, and others being objectionable as too common, and others as too difficult, and quite unmanageable in poetry, the choice, which had at first appeared almost impossible, from the infinite variety of the animal world, was now limited, and Frank began to complain, that there was really nothing left.

His mother, however, was content with the eider duck, who, robbed perpetually of the soft bedding for her ducklings, plucks herself at last even to death for her young.

Frank's father supported the bird of Jove, thunderbolt in claw, and would not give him up, though Lewis warned him that young Flaxman had a great mind to him.

The engineer was allowed to have the ant, because Millikin, who had had him, could make nothing of him, and gave him up as too old and common place. But the engineer's ant proved to be far from common place: he was fresh from Africa, of the great family of the *termites bellicosus*, whose houses, palaces, or pyramids, are from twelve to twenty feet high, whose kings and queens, if travellers' reports say true, are lodged in *royal chambers*, well deserving the name, with gothic arches, fretted roofs, and long-drawn aisles, with subterranean galleries water-proof and fire-proof, and magazines well stored with provisions, which to the naked eye seem but rasping of wood, or plants, but seen through a microscope resemble tears of gum and amber, and some, still finer, sparkling like sugar about preserved fruits.

And when he came to the sparkling sugar, it appeared that the engineer had not laboured this part in vain, for Mary exclaimed,

"Beautiful!"

"Sublime too, the poet may make the termites," continued the engineer. "When they march out of their palaces their march is to be stopped neither by earth, fire, or water. And if

man makes war upon them in their fortresses, he is forced to bring out his cannon before he can dislodge or conquer them."

The cannon astonished Mary. "Cannon against ants! against an insect!"

Lewis thought, that according to his father's description this species of ant would really make a great figure in poetry, and he had just decided to take the termites for his subject, when Frank produced a formidable rival, in the dog of Herculaneum.

Mary sprang up with joy when she heard this dog named by Frank, and from her own book!

"How could I forget the dear dog Delta, but I am glad that Frank remembered him."

Delta was a famous dog, whose skeleton was found in the ruins of Herculaneum; stretched over the body of a boy of twelve years of age.

Delta's collar, which is now to be seen in the gallery of the grand duke of Tuscany, tells by its Greek inscription, that this dog belonged to a man of the name of Severinus, whose life the dog three times saved; and history informs us, that he saved him once by dragging him out of the sea when nearly drowned, once by driving off four robbers, and the third time by destroying a she-wolf, who was going to tear him to pieces.

Delta was afterwards given by Severinus to his son, and he grew so fond of the boy, that he would take food only from his hand; and when at last he was unable to save the child, the faithful animal would not forsake his young master, but died along with him.

Frank's father observed, in favour of this subject for Lewis's poem, that it admitted of classical allusions, and wakened ancient associations; if he remembered rightly, the dog's master, Severinus, had attacked the she wolf's little ones, in a grove sacred to Diana.

Frank and Mary did not quite understand this; but Lewis rejoiced in it, and the dog of Hercules had all voices, all hearts in his favour, till the dog of Athens was named by Frank's mother.

Mary found him, and his history was read, as follows:—

“ ‘ A boy at Athens, of a very amiable character, had a dog, that had been his playmate from his cradle: the animal was so fond of his young master that he scarcely ever quitted him; he accompanied him in all his sports, and whenever he saw him again, after a short absence, he expressed his pleasure by a thousand caresses. He always eat his meals with him, slept at his feet at night, rose with him in the morning, and both began their day by playing with each other.

“ ‘ One day, this young Athenian, looking out of the window at some exhibition that was passing along the street, overreached himself, and losing his balance, fell from the upper story of the house to the ground, and was killed upon the spot. Phileros (that was the name of the dog) immediately leaped after him, and broke his leg with the fall. But, occupied wholly with anxiety for his master, he crawled about him, licked him with a mournful howling, and crept under his body, as if to endeavour to raise him from the ground.



“ ‘ During the preparations for the funeral, Phileros would not quit the lifeless body of his master, and followed the procession that bore him to the grave. When he came to the place of burial he set up a lamentable cry, and remained for five days lying upon the grave. Compelled by the cravings of hunger, he then returned to the house, eat a small quantity of food, after which he ran to the apartment which the child had inhabited, seemed to seek every where for his young friend, and in a short time died of grief.’ ”

Whether from the manner in which it was read, or from the really touching circumstances of the story, Lewis now inclined to the dog of Athens, for he said, that Phileros sacrificed himself voluntarily, and died of grief for his master ; but that Delta could not help being swallowed up by an earthquake, and that his being found near his master's body was a proof only, that he happened to be near him at the time of the first shock ; he could not run away afterwards. Frank, however, observed, that Mary's book, and other books, tell of animals, who have escaped from earthquakes, by running away when they felt the first symptoms, which they sometimes do before they are noticed by man.

“ Then,” observed Lewis, “ Delta was to blame for not having snuffed out the approach of the earthquake ; this was a proof of his want of sagacity at least.”

But Frank would not admit this, for he said, that nobody could prove that Delta did not snuff out the danger in time. It was most likely that

the dog had warned the boy, and done what he could to make him understand, and to carry him away ; but Frank supposed that Delta could not make the boy comprehend, or follow him.

Lewis answered, that this was supposing the boy to be stupid or obstinate ; but why should they give up the boy, to make out that the fault was not in the dog ?

Frank contended, that this was very fair, because they knew nothing about the boy, and they might suppose him to be obstinate and stupid, rather than give up the character of the dog of Herculaneum.

“ What good had the dog of Athens ever done in his life ? He broke his leg, indeed, by jumping out of a window ; but that did no good to his master : but the dog of Herculaneum had three times saved his master’s life ; and at last was he to be accused of not doing enough, because a foolish boy would not listen to him at the right moment ? Was this just ? ”

“ No, indeed ! ” said Mary. “ Poor Delta ! ”

Lewis, though he thought he could say more for the dog of Athens, took for his subject, Delta, the dog of Herculaneum.



“ Good night, mamma, ” said Mary, “ as she was going to bed, after the debate about the dogs. What shall I do about the thumb of my glove ? Look ma’am, it is burst quite across, I have mended it twice, I cannot go to the lectures to-morrow in such a glove, can I ? ”

"No, my dear : I had observed, that you had mended it as well as you could, and I have provided another pair for you."

"Oh, mamma, thank you. Are the gloves in this parcel?"

"Yes, and you may open it."

While Mary was opening the parcel, which had come from the neighbouring town, the engineer said, that he must set off very early in the morning about his business, and that he should not return perhaps till night. Lewis had a great mind to go with him ; but this could not be, his father said ; and Frank inquired whether he would like to go with them to the lectures.

Frank's father observed, that it was hard upon poor Lewis to force him in his holidays to go to lectures.

"Not lectures ; only experiments," said Mary, looking up from her parcel.

"Your changing the name makes no difference to him," said Frank's father, smiling. "What does he choose?"

Lewis said, that as he could not go with his father, he should like to go with Frank to-morrow. That he could not tell whether he liked the lectures, or the experiments, till he had seen them ; and that if he found them stupid the first day, he would not go the next. He very much regretted that Felix was lame, it would have been so pleasant to have ridden to these lectures ; but he hoped they might walk, which he liked much better than going in a carriage. Frank begged to walk with him ; it was only five miles, and Frank had walked four the other day (which

now grew to be four and a half) and back again, without being tired in the least.

"The gloves fit perfectly well," said Mary. "Look, mamma."

But her countenance suddenly changed, as her eye fixed upon the paper in which the gloves had been wrapped. It was a handbill, or advertisement, which in capital letters announced the arrival of a juggler, who would the next day, at ten o'clock precisely, exhibit wonderful sights with cups and balls, and tricks with cards. He would tell any lady or gentleman what cards they thought of.

"Mamma," said Mary, "I wish we could see both the juggler and the experiments, but we cannot; how unlucky, that they are both to be the same morning, the same time—we cannot have both."

"Frank," said his father, "would you rather see this juggler's tricks, or the experiments? You have heard a list of both."

Frank hesitated.

"Look neither to the right, nor to the left, my boy, but straight forward; the question is not, which you think Mary would like, nor which you think Lewis would like, nor which you think we should admire you the most for choosing. I ask you to tell me honestly, which you would like best yourself."

"Honestly, then, papa, the juggler I would rather see, if I am to see but one, and for once—I know it is foolish, but I cannot help it."

"Besides, it is not so very foolish, I think," said Mary, "because we can read about Mr.

Bright's experiments in books, cannot we, mamma? If we miss seeing the lecturer, we have the books; but we cannot see the juggler in a book."

"Well reasoned, little miss Mary," said the engineer.

"So Frank is not foolish, is he, papa," said Mary.

"He is honest at all events," said his father, "and able to speak his mind plainly, which I like."

But Frank said, he regretted the experiments, and he wished to see the electrical machine, and to feel the shock. Mary much regretted the air pump and the cat.

The engineer, who had been pleased with Frank's honesty, and with Mary's reasoning, said, that he hoped he could settle the business to their satisfaction, and manage so that they should see and hear all they wished. He should be up very early in the morning, and must go through the county town, where he could see the lecturer, and would persuade him to put off the experiments for the young people till the next day, which would be for his own interest; as it would be dangerous for him to come into competition with the juggler, as probably most children, if they were permitted to choose, would make Frank's choice.

This arrangement promised satisfaction to all parties. The next morning, the ever good-natured engineer, remembered their pleasure, in the midst of all his own business, and sent back a little pencil note, which Frank received at

breakfast time, and which set all hearts at ease. It was as follows :—

“ ‘ The philosopher has been wise enough to yield the first day to the juggler ; secure that the second will be all his own. ’ ”

And so it proved. The young people were at first extremely amused by seeing the juggler play his feats with cups and balls, and his tricks upon cards ; but when they knew that it was all deception, or when they were told how these tricks were performed, there was an end of the wonder and the pleasure.

The experiments shown by the natural philosopher were not so amusing, and did not appear so wonderful at first ; but both Frank and Mary agreed, that they liked them better and better as they went on, because, as they said, there was no cheating in these ; they were true, might be of advantage to them afterwards in conversation, in reading, and, as Frank observed, they might, perhaps, be useful to them in trying experiments afterwards for themselves.

For, as he said, “ why should not we try experiments when we grow up, as well as other people. ”

Frank was somewhat elated, by perceiving, that at this first lecture he understood as well, if not more quickly than Lewis, who was a year older, and who had been at school. But, at school, his attention had been turned to other subjects, and he had never had an opportunity of seeing any experiments before.

It had often been proposed, he said, that they should have at his school some lectures, and

experiments, on natural philosophy ; and, he believed, it was to be next half year.. Now he found that these were entertaining, he was determined he would subscribe, if the lecturer should come.

In their walk home, after the first of these lectures, Frank had a great deal of conversation with Lewis about school ; that is to say, Frank asked Lewis a multitude of questions, some of which Lewis answered readily and clearly ; but to others he replied with more caution and reserve. On all that concerned the lessons, and the plays, and the hours for work and play, and the laws and punishments, he was full and explicit ; and this was, for the present, quite enough to satisfy Frank. The new plays, or the plays which were new to him, first fixed his curiosity ; he wanted immediately to see, and to learn them all. Some of these, Lewis said, he could easily show him ; marbles and ball for instance, but others could not be played for want of more boys.

With ball Frank was well acquainted ; but Lewis doubted whether he knew the last fashions of ball playing at school. When the subject of the plays and games was exhausted, Frank went back to the books.

"But I am very much surprised," said he, "that you, Lewis, do not dislike our books. And I wonder you are so fond of reading English."

"Why should not I be fond of reading English ? am not I an Englishman ?" said Lewis, rather bluffly. "What do you take me for ?"

"I do not take you for any thing else," said Frank ; and Lewis's bluff look went off, and with a good humoured smile he said,

"Oh ! well, go on."

"I was going to say," continued Frank, "that I was surprised, because Tom told us, that school boys never read any thing but Latin ; that they have no English books at school, nor time for them."

"Whoever Tom may be, he is mistaken there," said Lewis, "or he exaggerates ; he may speak of his own school if he pleases, and perhaps he tells truth about that : but, at ours, I know the boys have a library of their own, of excellent English books, to which any subscribe who like it, and almost all do subscribe. We have above a thousand volumes, several entertaining, and I assure you some very valuable books."

Lewis, after the first angry contradiction of Tom's slander against schools, was careful to tell the exact fact in his own case. He remembered, he confessed, that when he first went to school he had not any time *for English*, or for thinking of entertaining books ; it was as much as ever he could do to get through his Latin lessons and Latin grammar.

Now he had got over the first difficulty he had more time, and could read, when the books were entertaining ; on Thursday and Saturday evenings, which were holidays, he was always happy to have an entertaining book, if the day was wet. But Lewis honestly confessed, that on those holiday evenings, in general, he loved out of doors

•



bodily exercise, riding if he could have it ; because, said he, " we have so much to do of hard Latin and Greek work, bodily exercise rests us best. By the bye, we have a workshop, and carpenter's tools, and two or three lathes. It is a reward to us to work in the workshop, and a great pleasure it is. The idle fellows can never get to the lathe. Now I know a boy, who, when he first came to our school, was exceedingly idle, and hated Latin, because he had been flogged so often for not having his lessons at the school where he was before he came to ours. But he loved turning particularly ; and he was so anxious to get to the lathe, that he set about his Latin lessons in earnest, and now he scarcely ever misses one.

" At school," continued Lewis, " I like working in the workshop better than reading ; but in the holidays, I like reading best. In the Christmas vacation, in the long winter evenings, I am very fond of reading, especially when I have my sisters, or somebody to talk to about books. Then all I knew before I went to school comes back again. That sister, or cousin, or whatever she is of yours, that good-natured little Mary, will be a great pleasure to you in the holidays, and she will love reading enough, and not too much neither : too much of a good thing, you know, is as bad as too little. So," cried Lewis, turning suddenly, and catching hold of the branches of a tree, " what do you think, Frank, of climbing this tree ?"

" With all my heart," said Frank.

And after this they had many climbing matches

at home, Frank showing that he would not be outdone by his companion, either in spirit or dexterity.

But, alas! there could be no riding. Poor Felix was not able to contribute to their amusement, nor they to his relief. Judges, or at least doctors, had differed much as to the mode of his treatment: one advised that the lame leg should be hung in a sling, and that Felix should be kept in the stable: another was sure that he would never get well unless he were turned out to grass. The horse and Frank seemed to be of this latter opinion: therefore Felix was turned out into a paddock near the house, which he had all to himself, lest any other animals should hurt him. Tom and his groom came to see him once, but Felix showed such signs of dislike, that they never repeated their visit. Every morning Frank and Mary used to go and see him: the moment Frank appeared at the gate of the field, the horse knew his voice, and neighed in sign of pleasure, and would try to come towards him, as fast as his sprained shoulder would permit. Mary gathered for him handfuls of fresh grass, and he always took them from her with the greatest politeness; though he had, as Frank observed, the whole field before him all day long. He would now even rub his nose against Lewis, as if he knew by instinct, Mary said, that Lewis was Frank's friend. Something, perhaps, was to be attributed to the piece of bread, which Lewis constantly brought him for breakfast. Colonel Birch came on purpose to see Felix; and cheer-

ed his young master with the assurance, that he would certainly get quite well in time.

In the mean while the Colonel was well pleased with both the boys for their freedom from selfishness, observing, that their chief concern was for the horse and not for themselves. He would have lent them an horse of his own, but, as he could not offer two, the friends did not wish to accept of it. But he did what was still better for them; he allowed them to ride in the riding house belonging to the barracks. There they had the advantage of some instructions from an excellent master, and were amused by seeing various feats of horsemanship, and all the exercises of the menage. Mary could not mix in any of Lewis and Frank's boisterous plays. Wrestling and boxing she knew were not fit for girls, though, as she heard, they were very good for boys: but she could not like such amusements. There were others, however, more tempting, where agility and spirit were more required than masculine force; for instance, there was a play called "Follow the leader," for which Frank was eager, and in which Mary longed to join. The leader is to lead the way as fast, and as far, and as long as he pleases, and, wherever he chooses, and the more difficult his path, or the more hazardous, the more glorious to follow him. An excellent play this is for boys, but, as Frank's mother said, not for girls, as prudence is more necessary for women than courage; it stands higher in their list of *must wants*. The slightest hint of what was right was sufficient for Mary; though she regretted that she could not now play

so much with Frank as she used to do ; yet, if it was for his good, she was satisfied ; and, if it made him happy, she was glad ; and often, though she did not play, she had as much pleasure in looking on. She sat by, the little judge of arts and arms ; and she was a very good judge, especially where Frank was concerned : she observed that Lewis was constantly fair and kind to him. Lewis did laugh, to be sure, sometimes, for no mortal could help it, as he said, at the odd way in which Frank made his first attempts at some of his school games : yet Lewis's way of laughing was never ill-natured ; and he kept his word, and laughed no more than was quite good for Frank.

“ He must learn to bear to be laughed at,” said he, “ before he goes to school.”

Between the times of their boys' plays, they were glad to rest with other amusements and employments, and in these they were always anxious that Mary should share. After having once or twice tried *follow the leader*, they left it off ; they said it could not be well played without more boys. Lewis did not want to have every thing his school-fashion, or his own way ; he readily joined in all that Mary and Frank had been doing before he came. He helped them in all their in-doors, and all their out-of-doors work. At their island, when Frank was Robinson Crusoe, and Mary Friday, Lewis was the savage who left the print of his foot in the sand ; he would even be a cannibal, if they desired it. At hare and hounds he transformed himself at pleasure into hare or hound, and, whichever he was, he

proved himself best of his kind. Who could have thought that he had translated Samson Agonistes into Latin, or read *Œdipus Tyrannus* in Greek?

During a clear hard frost of eleven days' continuance, they walked many miles a day, how many the total amounted to, at the end of the eleventh day, the prudent historian forbears to record: it is but justice to the accuracy of the pedestrians to state, that when the length of one of these walks was questioned, and when it was in consequence measured by a common friend with the engineer's way-wiser, it was found to be a quarter of a mile and one furlong more than they had asserted it to be. Without insisting, however, upon the wonder and glory of the length of these walks, it is sufficient to say they were liked by all, and contributed to health, gaiety, and good humour.

But frost cannot last for ever, or, if it did, we might grow tired of it. Snow, threatening to be a heavy snow, began to fall.

"And there must be an end of all our delightful walks!" said Frank.

But there was some pleasure, Mary thought, even at the moment he spoke, in looking at the feathery flakes as they fell thick and thicker, white on grass, tree, shrub, changing in a few minutes the appearance of all things. And Lewis saw, in this snow, the promise of snowballs of prodigious size, "if it would but continue long enough." It did continue long enough. The next morning all was snow as far as they could see.

When the snow was shovelled from the windows, and from the walk near the house, there was fine diversion making and throwing snowballs, and Frank bore stoutly the pelting of the pitiless storm, proud to prove, that he could stand as well even as Lewis, who had stood the snowballs of two winters at school.

The pelting over, the friends joined in making a ball of enormous size, which at last they could not roll, even with the help of any length of lever which they could employ : leaving it during the night, they next day found it frozen fast to the ground.

Frank next suggested the making a statue of snow, such as he had seen in one of the vignettes to Bewick : they set about it ; legs, arms, trunk, and head they moulded :—

“ They work'd, and wondered at the work they made.”

But when they attempted to stick the limbs and body together, difficulties increased, and the limbs were distorted by every pinch or squeeze which impatience or awkwardness hazarded. One arm was shrunk to half the size of the other, and the neck absolutely melted away under the strength of Frank's hands, before the head could be made to stand rightly upon the shoulders ; the delicacy of the face, too, it must be confessed, was damaged in fruitless attempts to put on a becoming hat, which was necessary to hide something misshapen in the top of the head. At last the hat was fixed, and the head firm, the bridge of the nose repaired, and the

wasted arm restored. When the whole was finished, the artists went to call their judge and admirer Mary, who came out shivering, for it was ten degrees below the freezing point; yet, always kind, she came with the best intentions possible to be pleased. But, lo! the statue was overturned, and, in the midst of the fragments, stood Frank's dog Pompey.

"Oh, Pompey! what have you done!"

Sir Isaac Newton's magnanimous conduct to his dog Diamond scarcely exceeded Frank's forbearance on this occasion.

He stood for a moment in despair; then playfully pelted Pompey away with the man's head, renewing the charge with the legs and arms, as fast as he could mould them into balls.

"After all," said Frank, "the face of this snow man was frightful; we will make a better to-morrow." But a thaw came on in the night, and they were forced to abandon their design.

In the last week of Lewis's holidays, Frank and he were anxious to enjoy a pleasure, of which they had been deprived by the thaw—the pleasure of skating. Frank's mother had expressed some fears of the danger of this amusement: but his father, on the contrary side of the question, had observed, that *life must run some hazards, else they would become cowardly*. It was settled, that they might skate when a certain watering place for the horses should be *sufficiently* hard. It was shallow, and the boys could not easily drown themselves there, even if the ice should break. This general permission gained, there was but one point unsettled—

when would the ice be *sufficiently* hard, and who was to judge of that ?

One morning, very early for a winter morning, that is, soon after day-break, Lewis rose and looked out of his windows, then wakened Frank, told him it was a hard frost, and bid him get up and come out and skait, for he was sure that at this time the ice was quite strong enough. Frank was eager to try his new skaits ; and though he had some scruples, for he was not clear that he ought to go without having had his father's express permission, he did not tell his friend his doubts, but dressed himself as fast as he could, and followed Lewis, accompanied by his dog Pompey. The dog contented himself with sitting by, watching his master sliding about. Frank had several falls, but he was up again soon, and but little hurt ; and he was so much delighted with the exercise and with his success, that the falls went for nothing. One part of the ice was more exposed to the beams of the sun than the rest, and Lewis warned him, that he thought it was in that spot beginning to crack. Frank took his advice, and stopped, and began to try how soft and how hard the ice was in different places. In the spot on which the sun shone the ice cracked when he struck it, and a large piece fell in. Frank exulted in his own and in his friend's prudence, in having stopped in time. They took off their skaits, and began to walk homewards, till suddenly Frank perceived that his dog was not following them : he called " Pompey ! Pompey ! " but no Pompey came answer to the call. They went back to look for



him, but they could not see him any where on the road or in the fields. They went to the place where they had been skaiting, and they heard a noise under the ice : Pompey had fallen into the hole, and had floated underneath the ice ; they looked in at the hole, and saw him struggling : Frank, exceedingly alarmed, called to him, and stretched his arm as far as ever he could under the ice to reach him, and Pompey made fresh efforts ; but he was somehow jammed between stones, or entangled in weeds ; he could not get out, nor could Frank reach him, nor could Lewis. Lewis tied a stone in the corner of his handkerchief, and threw the heavy end into the pool, jerking it under the ice toward the corner where the dog lay, but in vain, Pompey could not reach it ; once he just caught it, but he let it go when Lewis pulled ; he had no longer strength to hold it.

At this instant they heard the bark of a dog in a field next to the road ; and Frank, leaping up on the top of the bank, saw a woodman and his dog crossing the field. Frank called, roared to him, but he was walking away from them, and he plodded on without hearing any thing but his own whistling. Lewis happily recollected a whistle he had in his pocket, and he whistled loud and strong : the woodman looked back, and saw the two boys making signals with hats and handkerchiefs, and he came running as fast as he could. When he heard what was the matter, he jumped over the hedge to their assistance, and with his hatchet broke the ice in several places, Frank all the while calling to beg he would take

care not to kill the dog, and pointing with his stick to the spot under which Pompey lay. When this was uncovered, there he lay, indeed! quite motionless. The woodman took him up, but no signs of life appeared. They held him with his head downwards, the water poured from his mouth, but no breath, no warmth. The woodman offered to carry him to his hut in the wood, which was about a mile off, and to lay him before the fire. But Frank thought it best to carry him home to his own good Mrs. Catherine, and home they carried him with all possible expedition.

Mary, from her window, saw them from afar, and went down to the hall to meet them, eagerly asking what had happened to Pompey, and why Frank carried him. But when she saw his condition, and Frank's sorrowful countenance, she asked no more; she ran for Mrs. Catherine, and every remedy was tried, which the Humane Society advise for the recovery of the drowned. Pompey was dried, rubbed with salt, and wrapped in a warm blanket, air was blown into his mouth and nostrils, but for some time no signs of life appeared, and Frank, Mary, and Lewis, by turns, exclaimed in despair,

"He is dead! he is quite dead! he will never move again!"

But Mrs. Catherine bid them be patient: a slight heaving of the breast was seen; she held a feather to the nostrils, the feather moved, Mary clapped her hands with joy, and Frank exclaimed, "He breathes!" Convulsive twitchings in the legs followed, the eyes opened, and, by de-

grees, life returning, Pompey recovered sufficiently to raise himself up, to know Frank, to wag his tail, and to lick Mrs. Catherine's hand. In the course of an hour he was able to stand, walk, eat, and drink : he was pronounced by Mrs. Catherine to be out of all danger ; and great was the joy of his young master and his friends on again receiving his caresses.

No sooner was the dog safe, than Frank's mother began to inquire how he had come into danger, and desired to hear every particular of what had happened. Frank was aware, that she would be displeased at his going out to skait without distinct permission, and before the safety of the ice had been examined ; but instead of endeavouring to excuse himself, he was anxious to take his full share of blame.

His father decreed, as a punishment for their impatience and imprudence, that they should never skait again during the remainder of Lewis's holidays. Lewis seemed more sorry for Frank than for himself, for he thought, and repeatedly said, that he had been the means of bringing him into this scrape.

But whatever disappointment or punishment young people suffer together for their faults, while they have the consciousness that they have spoken exactly the truth, have not attempted to shift the blame from themselves, and have behaved honourably, they are secure of one lasting comfort, that their confidence in each other, and their mutual affection will be increased. Even in such slight trials as these, integrity is proved, and the recollection of these childish incidents

often lasts through life, and strengthens the friendship of age,

“ Well,” said Mary, “ though you cannot skait you can walk, and I can walk with you.”

“ And mamma says she will walk with us to the woodman’s, to thank him for saving Pompey,” said Frank ; “ we will take Pompey with us, to thank him for himself. But first, Mary, I have something to say to you and Lewis about a plum-cake.”

Frank’s mother had promised him a large iced plumcake for “ twelfth night.” We presume that none of our young English readers are unacquainted with the joyful rites of twelfth night, with the drawing of lots for king and queen, and for all the various personages who are to support, through that evening, whatever character falls to their lot. The name and description of each character, intended for their twelfth night, Frank and Mary had already drawn out ; they had written them delicately on little billets, and each billet had moreover its motto, and each billet was rolled up and thrown into the hat, ready to hand round with the essential accompaniments of iced sections of plumcake.

That cake was not yet made ; but Mrs. Catherine had this day ~~looked~~ <sup>laid</sup> out the materials ; the sugar and the plum, the citron, &c., were all on the table in her room, and she was just going to begin her work. But Frank now proposed to Mary and Lewis, that they should give up this cake, and give the money which it would have cost to the poor woodman who had saved Pompey. The cake, as Mrs. Catherine had informed

Frank, would cost about a guinea ; and his mother told him she would give him this money instead of the cake, if he chose it, and if they all agreed to it. With one accord it was decided, that the cake, even the iced plumcake, the twelfth night cake, should be given up, and Frank, Mary, and Lewis, ran to stop Mrs. Catherine's hand. She was much surprised, and at first disappointed, when she found her hand stopped, and heard that there was to be no cake ; but her countenance recovered from its consternation, when she learned that the iced cake was to turn into a warm coat for Pompey's deliverer. She much approved of this, however she regretted, for her own share, the pleasure she should have had in making it for them : and still she thought that there might be a seed cake, or a plain cake, for the young people on the twelfth night. No ; they would not consent to this. Frank said, that whatever they did should be quite honestly done ; they must give up something, or else, they said, it would be only pretending to be generous. Frank's mother, who had upon all occasions endeavoured to instil this principle, was glad to see that he applied it of his own accord. She put the guinea into his hand, and they walked to the woodman's : he was not at his cottage, but they found him at his work in the wood, and Pompey carried him the guinea between his teeth, holding it very fast till Frank ordered him to surrender it. It is said, but we do not vouch for the truth, that Pompey immediately knew the woodman again, and wagged his tail and licked hands in token of gratitude. They forgot that Pompey

had been more than half drowned, when his acquaintance with the woodman first commenced, and that he had been quite senseless at the time when the essential service of his extricating him from the ice had been accomplished. But let this rest : for the honour of Pompey we wish to believe it, if it be possible. We pass on to other matters.

Mary had now completely forgotten all she had formerly heard of Lewis's learning, for he never talked of his Latin or Greek ; and whatever else he knew came out only when it could assist them, and just as much as they wanted, and no more.

One day, when Mary was looking at the prints of the French fairy tales, with Frank, in the Cabinet des Fées and was trying to translate the words which were at the bottom of each print, and when she came to one sentence of which she could make nothing, Lewis helped her, and then for the first time they found out that he understood French " better than she did, a great deal."

He had learned, he said, all he knew of it from one of his sisters before he went to school, and afterwards kept it up in the holidays.

Another morning, after having shown him their Roman emperors, and British kings and queens, and had taken him to look at " the Stream of Time," Lewis said he had never seen it before, but he quickly understood it, and soon assisted them in using it. They perceived that he knew a great deal more of history than they did, and they found that it was all clear in his head, he knew what empires and nations came

first, and what followed in the history of the world. Whenever Frank and Mary were at a difficulty, he was ready at hand to assist them, either in history or geography. He knew what people inhabited the different parts of Europe and Asia, in ancient and in modern times. He made Frank understand what often puzzles children—how the Romans seemed to turn into the Italians, the Gauls into the French, &c. ; he helped them in making out how ancient and modern history follow, or may be made to follow each other, for this he knew better than is common with the boys of his age.

He helped them to make for each century a sort of skeleton map of history, in which should be written at first only a very few of the principal names of the most civilized nations, and then of the celebrated men ; each century should have its sheet of paper. Such maps had been made for him, and he had made for himself, and had found useful.

Frank liked this, provided Lewis would write the names, because he could write faster than they could.

“ Shall we tell him,” whispered Mary, “ our play of contemporaries, or would he think it too foolish ? ”

Far from thinking it foolish, Lewis entered into it with great spirit, and made out some very entertaining parties of ancients and moderns, with droll appropriate dialogues ; and whenever he found that he went beyond what Frank or Mary knew, he showed them how they could find all that he had learnt.

"But how could you learn so much history?" said Frank.

"Very easily," replied Lewis, "for I was exceedingly happy when I was learning it."

Lewis paused, for, as they saw, some recollection touched him with pleasure and pain. Mary and Frank stood silent, while he went to his father's writing desk, which was open on the table, and took from it a miniature picture in a black case. Showing the picture to them, he seemed as if he was going to say something, yet said nothing.

"It is a very good-natured, sensible countenance," said Frank. "I like it."

"So do I," said Mary: "it looks like a very old man."

"Yes," said Lewis, "he was past eighty when that picture was drawn."

"Eighty!" said Mary. "I love old people when they are good-natured, and I am sure, whoever this is, he is good-natured, for both his eyes and his mouth look smiling."

"Who is it?" said Frank.

"My grandfather, that *was*," said Lewis; "and he was the most good-natured, the kindest person in the world. I wish you had known him, you would have loved him so much, and he would have loved you; he was always fond of having young people about him, and we all of us used to be so glad to go into his room. He had always something ready for each of us, when we went to him, either to read to us, or to tell us of his younger days, or something or other that was delightful; and that made one wish to



be as good and to know as much as he did. You asked me how I learned all I know of history. It was he who taught it to me ; and that was what made me like it so much, and learn it, as I told you, so easily. Every morning before breakfast he let me come to him in his study. He got up very early, but he sat in his dressing gown reading or writing till eight, and as soon as the clock struck eight, that was my hour, and I used to run down stairs, and there I used to find him in his dear arm chair ; and he always smiled upon me when I came in ; but I can never see him again !”

Mary held fast the picture, which Lewis was going to shut. “ Oh, do let me look at it a little longer !” said she.

“ Who was he most like of any body I ever have seen ?” said Frank. “ Was he like your father ?”

“ Yes, only so much older : his manner was different.”

“ Had he slow or quick manner ?” said Mary.

“ He was quick and lively—yet very gentle and gentlemanlike, and remarkably polite ; not mere *company politeness*, but every day and always, when at home and to every body the same, even to us children, and to the poorest people more than to the grandest. The very beggars to whom he gave charity observed, and felt that kind manner of grandpapa’s. I remember a poor old beggar woman, after he was gone too, saying, that she would rather have had a penny from his hand than a shilling flung to her by another.”

"How we should have loved him," said Mary, "should not we, Frank?"

"Exceedingly; and you really think he would have liked us," said Frank, "as well as your papa likes us?"

"I am sure he would," said Lewis, "for they always liked the same people, and for the same things; he would have liked your manners, for he liked good-manners particularly; and he would have liked your being fond of reading, and listening to all that is going on; but, above all, he would have liked you for loving one another; and he would have been glad that I should be here, because he would have seen that you have good principles."

"But he was not strict; was he?" said Frank.

"Strict about learning, or such things? No, not the least, said Lewis. "But he was very strict about principles—very strict about right and wrong."

"So is my father," said Frank.

"But was not your grandpapa a clergyman?" said Mary, looking again at the dress of the picture.

"He was," said Lewis.

"Then he was, I suppose, more serious a great deal than your father, or my father, was not he?" said Frank.

"I do not think he was more, except as suited his age, and when serious subjects were mentioned. He was very religious, but that did not make him sad; quite the contrary. He was remarkably cheerful. He used to say good Chris-

tians ought to be cheerful, and he made us love religion and not fear it."

"Just what my father and mother think," said Frank.

"And what they teach us," said Mary.

After this conversation Mary told Frank, that that she had quite settled her mind about Lewis, that she was sure he would make him a good friend, and she begged he would make a friend of him as fast as possible.

Frank was well disposed to go as fast in friendship as Mary desired ; and considerable progress was made, even in the few remaining days of this first visit. But Lewis's father was obliged to take his son away ; promising, however, that Lewis should return and spend with them his next Midsummer holidays.

"Midsummer!" said Frank, sighing. "How long it will be till Midsummer!"

---

"MIDSUMMER!—Oh, how long it will before Midsummer!" were, if we remember rightly, Frank's last words when we parted from him at Christmas ; but Spring did return, and bestowed fresh pleasures ; and summer returned ; yes even *Mid*-summer, and Lewis's holidays and Lewis himself arrived. The two friends met with all the delight they had expected,—very uncommon with those who had expected so much. They compared all they had done, and seen, and heard, and read in the interval, and they talked, and Mary listened, for two hours. She indeed,

affirms it was three, without intermission, and were not tired at the end of that time, nor had they come to the end of their store of sense and nonsense.

Lewis inquired whether the time for Frank's going to school was fixed.

"Yes, after Midsummer," papa says it must be.

"He goes abroad in Autumn," said Mary, "so it must be."

"And is it fixed to what school he is to go?" said Lewis.

"Not yet," said Frank, "but it is to be determined to-day, and I will tell you, Lewis, to-morrow. I am going this minute to ask papa something—I will not tell either of you what it is."

He left them, and after some little time, returned with raised colour and sparkling eyes.

"What do you think I have done, Mary?" said Frank.

"Tell me," said Mary.

"I have asked papa to let me go to the same school as Lewis, and papa had been thinking of it before, and he and mamma, and the engineer, went into the study, and studied about it, and it is all settled. Papa is writing a letter to the head-master about it this minute. Mamma said she was very glad, that I should have so good a friend as Lewis."

Lewis was exceedingly glad to hear this.

"Oh, so am I," said Mary, "he will be your friend at school, and I will be your friend at home."

"Yes, always," said Frank, "and all is well and happy."

"But when are you to go, Frank?" said Mary.

"At the end of Lewis's holidays, you know, we shall both go together."

"Both together," said Mary, "what shall I do when you are gone, Frank?" "But it will not be for a great while yet," said Frank. "There are a month and three days of Lewis's holidays to come."

"A month and three days! then we need not think of it, yet, indeed," said Mary.

"And though I told you it was all settled, I recollect now," said Frank, "that it is not quite certain, because they are not sure that there is a place or a bed for me at the school; and you know, if there is not room for me, I cannot go."

"Then I hope," cried Mary; but she checked herself. "No, I do not hope; for since you must go to school, as papa says, it is better that you should go with Lewis. When will the answer to the letter come?"

"Not till Thursday, at soonest, three days, perhaps four, to wait, before we know how it will be. What a long time!" said Frank.

The first morning was, indeed, rather long; for Frank could not settle to any thing, but continually repeated,

"Mary, when do you think the answer will come, on Thursday or Friday? What do you think the answer will be, Lewis?"

Lewis was inclined to think there would be no place for Frank. It depended upon, whether a

new boy, whose name he did not know, for whom the place had been engaged, would come to school or not—this was a point which Lewis could not decide—therefore it was better to do something in the interval to lessen the impatience and pain of suspense. Lewis had, during these holidays, a thème to write. The subject : “ Which of all the Roman and Grecian heroes in Plutarch’s Lives do you prefer ? ” Here was ample room for thought and debate. Lewis consulted Frank, and Frank felt his own ignorance, and Plutarch’s Lives were now looked over with great eagerness ; each took a volume, and each read aloud whatever struck him at the moment with admiration. Mary listened while she worked, or rather while she sat with her work in her hand. And now she inclined in favour of this hero, and now of that.

Lewis could not decide quickly, because it was a matter of great consequence to him. He had many competitors who were very clever boys, and who would examine the merits of the hero of each theme ; and he must look over Plutarch’s Lives again and again more carefully another day. Frank desired to help his friend in examining the lives that were to be compared, and Lewis kindly accepted his assistance ; they read, and gave their reasons in favour, or against each action and character, and having an immediate object, their interest was kept constantly alive. Thus, Frank’s attention turned from childish objects, to those that were more manly ; and he was now as much interested in the real history of illustrious men, as he used to be in mere

amusing tales. His admiration was excited by the great and good actions of which he read ; and as he was pressed at the same time to determine which were truly good and great, many questions about right and wrong, honour and honesty, resolution and obstinacy, courage and rashness, occurred, which were debated between him and his friend Lewis ; and though they were only boyish arguments, argued but imperfectly, yet Frank's understanding strengthened by this exercise, as his body strengthened by the wrestling, running, and climbing, which they had out of doors.

Colonel Birch, who was always ready to contribute to their amusement, took them to see some of his men firing at a mark ; he taught them how to prime, load, and fire a pistol themselves. Another day he took them to an archery meeting ; he gave Frank a bow and three good arrows. These were a great delight, more especially because Mary could join in this amusement. The bow, though rather large, was not too strong for her to draw, and her dexterity supplied her want of strength.

The weather was cool enough to permit of riding ; and, at Frank and Lewis's age, it must be difficult to find the weather that can prevent a good gallop—Felix had now quite recovered, and Frank's father had sufficient confidence in Lewis to trust him to ride his own favourite horse—confidence of which neither he nor the horse had ever reason to repent.

During the very hot weather, Frank took great pleasure in swimming, and now he could

swim well enough to try the experiment of the kite, which he had so long desired to try. He found the passage in Franklin's essays, and Lewis and he read it together, with the eagerness with which people read that which they want immediately to put in practice.

"The ordinary method of swimming is reduced to the act of rowing with the arms and legs, and is consequently a laborious and fatiguing operation, when the space of water to be crossed is considerable ; there is a method in which the swimmer may pass to great distances with much facility, by means of a sail.

"This discovery I fortunately made by accident, and in the following manner :

"When I was a boy, I amused myself one day flying a paper kite ; and approaching the bank of a pond, which was near a mile broad, I tied the string to a stake, and the kite ascended to a very considerable height above the pond, while I was swimming. In a little time, being desirous of amusing myself with my kite, and enjoying at the same time the pleasure of swimming, I returned ; and loosing from the stake the string, with the little stick which was fastened to it, went again into the water, where I found, that, lying on my back and holding the stick in my hands, I was drawn along the surface of the water in a very agreeable manner. Having then engaged another boy to carry my clothes round the pond, to a place which I pointed out to him on the other side, I began to cross the pond with my kite, which carried me quite over without the least fatigue, and with the greatest pleasure



imaginable. I was only obliged occasionally to halt a little in my course, and resist its progress, when it appeared, that, by following too quick, I lowered the kite too much ; by doing which occasionally I made it rise again. I have never since that time practised this singular mode of swimming, though I think it not impossible to cross in this manner from Dover to Calais. The packet-boat, however, is still preferable."

In this last sentiment, Frank's mother most heartily agreed. She now, however, consented that Frank should try his experiment from which he had so long refrained in obedience to her, and to fulfil his promise.

His father, for further security, was present at the trial. It should be observed, that the part of the pond across which Frank made this first trial, was not of greater width than he could have easily crossed by swimming in his usual manner. On this, his father insisted. Frank, kite in hand, went into the water, and exactly as Franklin directed, lying on his back and holding the little stick to which the string of the kite was fastened, was drawn along by his flying-sail, and carried quite over, "without the least fatigue, and with the greatest pleasure imaginable."

How far this mode of sailing-swimming could be applied to use, was a question which was warmly discussed, and very differently judged, according to the age and experience of those who hoped or feared.

All this time no answer came from the master of Lewis's school ! The delay was surprising ! The suspense would have been intolerable, but

for the constant employments which filled every hour. Colonel Birch was almost as anxious as they could be, for the answer to the letter: he was very desirous that Frank should now go to school.

"Well, boys, have you had a letter?" said he, coming in one morning, about the hour when the post usually arrived.

"No, Sir," said Frank, "the post has not come in yet, and we are going out with our bows and arrows, to prevent us from being impatient. This was Mary's invention. Mamma will send for us, if there is a letter."

And this morning they were sent for. They found their father, mother, and Colonel Birch, holding consultation over a letter which lay on the table. The letter began with an apology for the delay of the master's answer. This had been occasioned, he said, by his having been kept in uncertainty by the friends of a boy, to whom the vacant place had been promised. They had, however, now decided to send him, and there was no place for Frank this year.

All stood round the table in silence, each reading the letter again by turns. But it could not be changed; and after having read it, each laid it down again. Colonel Birch first broke silence.

"My good friends, I see what the end of this will be," said he, "and I am very sorry for it; you will keep Frank at home another year, and if you do, it will spoil him. You cannot help it, my dear Madam, you cannot help it—I know you would do every thing for him that the best

of mothers can do, for the best of boys ; but that is not sufficient, I mean that is too much. He is made a great deal too happy—every thing goes too smoothly and easily with him at home, to make a man of him. If you have given him good *principles*, as I know you have, trust to them. He must see good and bad at every school, and wherever he goes in the world, and the sooner he learns to choose between them, and make his own way, the better.

“ Very true, my dear Madam. Yes, my dear Sir,” continued Colonel Birch, half listening to something Frank’s father and mother attempted to say, to assure him that they agreed perfectly in these sentiments. “ I know you agree with me in theory, but in practice, when it comes to the point, I doubt your resolution : you will make fine excuses to yourselves—you will say, that you must find the best school possible, and the best friend possible for your boy, and so forth. I am sorry he cannot find a place at this best of schools,” added he, looking at Lewis, “ for I know the value of a good friend early in life, a friend a year or two older and wiser than oneself ; I had one in your father, Frank. But still, my boy, you have your friend here, safe by the heart-strings ; and whether you go to the same school for this year, with him, or not, matters little : your father and I, when we were boys, were separated for three long years—what did that signify ? We met again, and found our hearts and heads the same, or rather better, if I remember right, for my own share, and we were as good friends as if we had never parted.

Come, come, my boys, think no more about it."

Frank and Lewis tried to think that it was all for the best. Frank said, that he was ready to go to any school his father and mother pleased, and as soon as they pleased: he was sure he should never find such another friend as Lewis: "but," added he, "I shall always I hope——"

What it was that he hoped, was lost in a choking in his throat; but though the words were inaudible, they were understood it seems; for Colonel Birch immediately answered—

"That I am sure you will, my boy. So now to what school will you send him, and when?"

"I have two in view, under consideration," said his father, smiling, as he spoke, at Colonel Birch's look of impatience.

"Under consideration!—Toss up and decide. Any school, is better for him than keeping him longer at home, especially as you are obliged to go abroad. Any, the worst public school, is better for a boy of his age, than the best home."

This was going too far, this could not be allowed; and to do the good Colonel justice, this was more than he meant; the assertion was made in the warmth of argument, in his zeal for what he thought Frank's advantage. As he cooled, he found there had been no occasion for his heat. Frank's father was not only willing, but prepared, to do all that he wished.

It may be remembered that in the preceding summer Frank's father took him to a beautiful park in the neighbourhood, called Bellombre. Lord and Lady Chepstow, the possessors of this

place, who had been for some time abroad, were now at home, and so was their son Horace Granville, who had been at one of the principal English schools; and who had a party of his young companions with him to spend the holidays at Bellombre. Frank's father and mother had delayed a long-promised visit to Lord and Lady Chepstow, till this time, on purpose that they might give Frank an opportunity of seeing these young people, and now there was an additional motive, that they might judge by what these boys were, and by what they heard of their master, which school they should like best for Frank.

The party was quickly arranged. There were Miss Granvilles, and Mary was included in the invitation. They all went to spend a fortnight at Bellombre. The drive there, though neither by the wood nor glen, which Frank had formerly described to Mary, was thought delightful, and the superb park was equal even to what Frank's imagination had expected, from his first peep between the paling. The house was magnificent. They were shown to a splendid library, where they found Lord and Lady Chepstow, and, among several other people, a boy of about fifteen or sixteen, whom Frank imagined to be young Granville, and was surprised to see that he was rather mean-looking; but Frank found his mistake, when Lord Chepstow turned and said to the boy—"Spellman, where is Horace?"

Spellman said, that Mr. Granville had been out fishing; he was very wet—very late—very sorry—but he was sure he would soon be down.

In the meantime, Spellman came forward to the young people; he showed Mary where to

put her bonnet : he took them to the window, and pointed out the best view of the park ; told how many miles the park was round, and told them the names of all the portraits in the room, and which was the first Lord Chepstow, and which the last, and which the present lord, and which was Horace. "Wonderfully like," said he, "only not near so handsome. Is not it?" Frank had never yet seen him, therefore he could not decide.

"Never seen Horace Granville!—but then you've a great pleasure to come. Only you must not be surprised to find him a little shy at first. It is a great pity ; Lady Chepstow is always complaining of his being so silent—but it goes off : you'll like him amazingly when you know him—that is, if he likes you, which I am sure he will, for he told me his mother desired him to take you under his protection. People think he is terribly proud, but it is all bashfulness. Surprisingly bashful he is, considering how clever he is, and it is so odd, after his being at a great school, and every thing, but he goes back to it always at home, which is very provoking to his father—but I am a prodigious favourite, and must always be here in the holidays to talk for him, especially when *there's* strangers, as Lady Chepstow says, so we get on famously. Horace could never do without me!"

Spellman had not time to say more, for the door burst open, and in came, laughing at some jest unknown, a party of well-dressed men-boys, as Mary called them, who, except a bob of the head each to Lady Chepstow as they passed,

seemed regardless of every body but themselves. They herded together in a window ; their merriment ceased, and they stood eyeing the company, the door still left open, till another followed, very gentleman-like, cold, and quiet : he was a boy of about sixteen, but he looked quite like a man and a very serious man.

"Horace Granville *himself*," whispered Spellman—Frank and Lewis were presented to him, and he to them, by Lord Chepstow, who said that he was sure his son Horace would always be particularly glad to see Frank, but Horace did not look particularly glad to see him now. At once bashful and proud, he stood greatly distressed and said nothing, but after a reconnoitring glance down upon Frank, he held out his hand graciously to him, bowed his head coldly to Lewis, but still said nothing. Lady Chepstow asked if there was not some hope that Frank would go to the same school with her son. This suggested an easy subject of conversation to Horace, but he did not take it. After standing a few minutes in this agony of silence, he turned short about, walked abruptly away, and joined the herd in the window, leaving Frank and Lewis again to Spellman's care. About this time Mary was carried off by one of the higher powers to some distant region, where, with the governess and the Miss Granvilles, she was to be invisible.

Spellman resumed his office of Granville's talker and flatterer. He whispered to Frank, "Though Mr. Granville said nothing, I know he liked your first look amazingly. I know his eye, if any body does."

"Can you tell me," said Frank, "who *those people* are, who are standing at the window?" He was at a loss whether to call them boys or men, he therefore called them *people*.

"People! indeed," said Spellman, smiling. "One of them is Cressingham, son of Lord Cressingham, or his hand would not be on Granville's shoulder. The other, with the broad back, is Power, son of the member—Oh! you don't know him. There is Power, the father, the old man, with the great seals to his watch, and young Power is expected to be very rich,—we are very fond of him. Then, the other, the thin little fellow in the window, with his hand on his hip, is Shaw; he is expected to be very clever. His father is here often, because he is known now to be the author of '*The Conflagration of Moscow*,' and he is supposed to be the author of the '*Chit-Chat-Club*,' and '*Bath Buns*,' and '*Bath Idols*' are given to him too, but he denies them."

"I should like to see '*The Conflagration of Moscow*,'" said Lewis.

"It's on the little table there," said Spellman, "and it's very fine certainly, but, to my own share, I like the '*Chit-Chat-Club*' better, it's so amazingly entertaining, for every body in the world is in it. But you would not understand a word of it without the key."

"But what are '*Bath idols* and '*Bath buns*,' sir?" said Frank.

"Oh, bless you! the bitterest thing, and the sweetest!" replied Spellman. "But you would not taste it at all. It's nothing unless you know



the people ; and," added he, with a smile of superiority, "you are not come quite to the age for satire—yet I beg your pardon."

"Are all those in the window schoolfellows of Mr. Granville?" said Frank.

"No : only one, Cressingham ; the two others are from some other school, I forget which."

"And are you a schoolfellow of Mr. Granville's?" said Frank.

"No : I am his homefellow," said Spellman, some slight embarrassment appearing in his voice and laugh, though not in his unblushing face. He added, "I am home-bred, like yourself. But, dinner ! dinner !"

At dinner Frank was desired to sit by Mr. Granville, who was at the head of the side-table, at which were all his companions, and some other persons. Granville was very attentive to Frank, more so than to any body else, silently taking care that he had all he wanted. Official Spellman, seeing this, offered him continually this and that, and the other, and every thing he did not want : so that Frank had no peace till Granville said,—

"Leave him to me, Spellman."

Frank hoped, that he should now hear what other people were talking about.

Much was said about soups and fish, and sauce ; he was much surprised that boys or young men, could know so much about different dishes. None of these school-boys, however, gobbled like Tom. They all eat like gentlemen, but they talked more like cooks. Frank was not sure whether they were in reality, or only pre-

tended to be, epicures. Certainly, they were not ashamed, but proud of their love of eating, and their taste for wines.

When hunger abated and plates stood still, there was much said by Power, and Shaw, and Spellman, of fish that had been caught by them, and of fishing and boating-parties which they had had, or were to have. Frank liked this, but each spoke of his own feats, and Frank thought they did not seem much to care for each other, or to expect to be cared for; they were companions, but not friends. Frank observed, that Shaw and Power, though they were schoolfellows, as Spellman had told him, appeared to take pleasure in taunting each other—their characters were plain enough to him. Shaw was clever, anxious to show his wit, and make diversion of every body. Power was tyrannical, rather stupid, and fond of his father's fortune.

Frank wished that they would not talk so much, that he might hear Granville, about whose character he felt more curiosity. But, though Granville had by this time got over his bashfulness, so far as to have regained the power of speech, yet he used that power but sparingly. Frank could not tell whether he was silent from timidity, or from pride.

Of Cressingham he did not at first think much. Cressingham had a headach, and appeared cross, to Spellman in particular, who tried to please him in vain. Even when he spoke of the Cressinghams of Cressingham, he would not be pleased. Whenever Spellman praised Granville, or any thing at Bellombre, Cressingham always

made some sarcastic answer. It almost seemed as if he disliked Granville, though he was said to be his friend. Spellman was a little too fond of flattering, perhaps, but Cressingham appeared unjust to him, and much too severe, almost rude. But of these things, and of the character of Granville especially, Frank changed his mind several times during the course of dinner.

In the silence between the first and second courses, Spellman, feeling himself called upon to say something, asked Frank if he knew what was meant by a fag? Frank said that he did; Lewis had explained it to him.

"It is very lucky for somebody," said Spellman, "that little Drake died last month of the measles, for I have a notion that somebody will get into his shoes."

Frank looked puzzled, till it was explained to him, that Drake had been Mr. Granville's fag at school, and that *getting into his shoes* meant succeeding to him, or standing in his place.

After Shaw had laughed more than sufficiently at the little *greenhorn's* ignorance of this expression, and then laughed again, till the back of his chair shook, at Frank's not knowing what was meant even by a *greenhorn*, Spellman went on.

"You will go to school under famous good protection," said he to Frank; "many a boy will envy you; a cousin of my own in particular, I know, would like to be Granville's fag of all things, if he had been lucky enough."

"That cousin of yours must be very particular, in truth, if he likes, of all things, to be a fag. It is the best subject of congratulation I

ever heard ; I will write a pindaric ode upon it," said Shaw.

"Would you rather be Granville's fag or Granville's flatterer?" said Cressingham.

"Not a fair question," said Shaw, "for one of the places is not vacant, you know, and you would not have him disoblige any of the present company by showing he wants to step into his shoes before his time."

Frank was a little confused, but he answered—

"I will never be a flatterer, if that is what you mean—I know I must be a fag."

"Must!" pursued Shaw. "But, you lucky little dog, do not you rejoice at being Mr. Granville's fag?"

"No," said Frank, "I do not rejoice at it, I would rather not be any body's fag."

Granville's face clouded over, but the cloud passed off.

"Who. would be any body's fag, if they could help it?" cried Power ; "but you will find you cannot help yourself, my little fellow. There is fagging at all schools, my lad."

"Not at all schools, not at mine," said Lewis.

"No fagging at your school?" cried Shaw, "and pray, where is it situate, *lying*, or being?—Somewhere in the county of Utopia, I guess, or the parish of Lubberland.—Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Frank felt vexed at his loud laugh, but Lewis was not vexed, he waited till the laugh was over, which he knew could not last for ever, though it seemed unextinguishable, like the laughter of Homer's rude gods. When Lewis had quietly

established his fact, Power took up the cause against him, and said—

“If there is no fagging at your school, I would not go to it.”

“No, because you are a great boy,” said Lewis; “if you were a little boy, you would be very glad to go to it.”

“I am sure, I should,” said Frank, sighing.

Granville’s face clouded over again.

“Comfort yourself,” said Cressingham, “for though you must be a fag, you need not be a flatterer.”

“But, why must there be fags?” persisted Frank.

“Because there must,” said Power.

“The law of the lion, and good law,” said Shaw. “Hey, Granville?”

“For lions,” answered Granville.

“What, are you against fagging, and you one of the great boys?” said Power.

“It is a fine thing to be a great boy,” said Shaw, “but Granville looks as if he would have been more obliged to you, if you had called him a great man.”

“Which he will be,” said Spellman, in a low voice, quite distinct enough to be heard.

“And, if you were a great man,” said Power, “would you put down fagging?”

“Stay till he is, and then he will tell you,” said Shaw.

Power stuck to his question with little variation, repeating, “Granville, are you for, or against fagging? do tell us.”

Granville was against tyrannical fagging, he

said, but in moderate bounds, he thought it a good custom. It taught boys to bear and to obey ; he had been a fag himself, and he thought it had done him good, it had made a man of him.

Some conversation followed as to what was tyrannical fagging. Upon the whole, Granville acknowledged it was difficult to prevent tyranny where there was power.

"A good pun against you, Power," interrupted Shaw.

Granville looked above a pun, and concluded, as Power bending forward would have his sentence, "It never can be abolished, and therefore there is no use in talking more about it."

Upon this last point Lewis differed from him, because, as he re-urged, fagging had been abolished at his school, and in others which he named.

Now, Granville could not bear contradiction, at least he could not bear it at home ; he had been forced to bear it at school. But, when Spellman was by, and ready to assent to, and support all he said, and to wonder that any body could be of another opinion, his first fault of temper returned. The moment Lewis differed from him, he looked down, proudly displeased that a little boy, or at least a boy who was not of his age, or of the first *forms*, should venture to contradict him, to reason, and to reason better than he did. This was too provoking ; Granville reasoned no longer, but repeated dryly, that fagging never would be abolished.

Lewis observed, that if people had thought so about the slave-trade, probably that never would have been abolished.

"We must keep clear of politics," said Spellman. There was a pause, and then Frank, with some hesitation, said, "I don't quite understand Mr. Granville."

Granville did not explain.

"You will quite understand when you go to school," said Shaw, "meantime, take some sauce to your pudding."

"While you can get it," added Spellman, laughing.

"I thought you had been on the other side of the question," said Frank, looking up in Granville's face.

"You thought wrong then, my little gentleman," said Granville.

Frank said he was sorry for it, and he wished to say more ; but not used to speak before so many boys, was overawed : however, he ventured to say, that he did not see why fagging should not be abolished ; he did not see why great boys should trample on little boys.

"You may not see why," said Power, "but they will always do it."

"Not always, not with us," said Lewis ; "they are not allowed."

"Who can hinder them, I want to know?" asked Power.

"The master, the laws, and ourselves," answered Lewis ; "fagging is abolished with us, and I hope it will be so every where soon."

"You may hope, but it will not," said Cressingham, "though I am not sure but it ought."

"I am sure it ought not," said Power, "that would be too hard upon me, too bad, just come

up last year to be master, after being fag so many years."

Frank looked at him, and felt that he should be sorry to be his fag. Shaw quickly interpreting the look, nodded to him, and said,

"You are right there, my little lad."

"What do you mean?" said Power.

"You know very well what I mean, the hot poker and the eyebrows. Remember your fag Simpson."

"Oh, tell us, will you?" said Spellman.

"Oh! we must not tell tales out of school."

"Tell what you will," said Power, "but do not forget what you did to Hamilton when he did not clean your shoes to please you, or rather what you could not do; for the little spirit got the better of you, I think."

"I beg your pardon," said Shaw, "I made him lick the shoe at last, I bent the proud Hamilton back to it, or I would have seen why, and a good joke it was, and horrible faces he made; and he said it was poison. If the shoe was not clean it was his own fault, you know. But the hot poker was too bad, and the flogging you gave him, for not lying still under it."

"It was his own fault—if he had lain still as I bid him, he would not have been burned nor beat either," said Power.

"For shame! gentlemen," exclaimed Granville, in a tone so much louder than usual, that some of the heads of the large table turned to see what was the matter.

"Was that Horace's voice?" said Lady Chestow.



"It was, Ma'am," replied Horace.

"I hope Horace is taking care of the gentlemen at that table," said Lord Chepstow.

"Excellent care, my Lord," answered Spellman.

In the same instant Granville held up his glass to Shaw, who answered by a nod, and holding up his glass, it was fleetly swallowed, returned to its place, quick as *ready, present, fire*.

Frank, who had very much liked Granville's loud 'for shame,' and who thought he was now sure of his opinion, looked up to him again, the moment he put down his glass, and smiling, said, "Now you are convinced Lewis was right."

Granville was silent, and coloured, but, whether from shame or anger, Frank could not be certain.

Granville exerted himself afterwards, and talked more than usual and very well on various subjects, but he never addressed one word to Lewis, to whom he seemed to have taken a dislike, Frank could not conceive why. He could hardly imagine that he was offended, merely by Lewis's differing from him in opinion, and by his having dared to contradict and conquer him in argument.

After dinner, when the ladies left the room, Frank and Lewis rose to go with them.

"You are going, I see," said Granville, coldly and ceremoniously to Lewis, "you will always do as you please in this house, I hope." He nodded more graciously to Frank, adding, "Spellman will follow you soon, and show you, the lions."

Spellman, though he would rather have staid with the gentlemen, followed Frank directly, for which Frank was very sorry, as he wanted to walk in the park alone with Lewis.

Frank was taken by Spellman to the stable, and the kennel, and the pheasantry, and the armoury; and he would have been entertained, but that fagging lay heavy at his heart. The walk in the park, however, was refreshing after the hot dinner; but Spellman kept on talking and flattering, and he was such a flatterer, that Frank grew sick of him. Spellman was probably equally tired of Frank, for when they had finished their walk, when he had lodged them in the drawing-room, and furnished them with coffee, he left them; and as the window was open, Lewis heard him calling out, "I'm off duty now. stay for me—hard duty it was—it's fair I should have some fun."

Frank was glad to have got rid of him at any rate. Lewis was called by some one to play at chess. Frank stood by, wishing he could play at any thing, listening first to what one lady said; and then another; and heard a great deal of talking, but nothing interested him. His mother was at a distance with Lady Chepstow, who spoke in a whisper. Nobody knew that Frank was standing there, till Granville and his party came into the room. Shaw, as he passed, laughed at Frank's doleful face, and said, "there's a fish out of water—no, a tame bird dying of the pip."

Before Frank could guess what sort of death this was, Mr. Power followed. Power neither

heard the wit, nor saw the object ; but stumbling over Frank's feet, wondered how his feet came there, begged his pardon, if he had hurt him, but took coffee without hearing Frank's reply.

Cressingham was saying something about Spellman, and could not attend to any thing else. Granville, however, stopped, and said to Frank, " Have you seen Egypt ? " Frank bewildered, was uncommonly stupid, and looked in his face without answering. Lewis interrupted his game of chess, and answered for him, " No, Frank, you have not seen the Travels in Egypt, that great book on the table."

What a blessing it is to have a friend who has some sense, when we have none left of our own ! a friend who will even lose a game at chess to serve us. Lewis lost his game and went with Frank to Egypt. Frank thought he should now be comfortable, and he only wanted Mary to join them, but Mary seemed as if she could not stir ; she looked uncommonly stupid too. The Miss Granvilles, who saw Frank beckoning, were so obliging to go to the table with her, but they had seen Egypt several times before, that is to say, had turned it over. They were very polite about the pyramids, and every thing ; but their standing by and talking, as he thought a little affectedly, disturbed Frank. He looked at the pyramids almost without seeing them, or knowing what they were, and the young ladies, he was conscious, must think him nearly a fool. He whispered, " Go back to your seat, will you, Mary." The Miss Granvilles went with her ; but Spellman came in, and seeing him alone,

would help him to turn over the leaves ; though Frank thanked him, and said he could turn them over for himself. But Spellman began to tell him the book was very valuable, that it cost so much ; Frank gave it up, and longed to go to bed, but dared not, because he was afraid Spellman would go with him to show him the way to his room. At last he saw his mother get up, and leave the room, and he darted after her. He had a great deal to say, but he could say little, he was so excessively sleepy. While his mother was taking his goods for him out of the chaise box, he stretched and yawned, and said,

“ Poor Mary, I hope she has been asleep this hour.”

But she answered from a little room within his mother’s—

“ Oh no, I am not asleep. I cannot get to sleep. Do not you wish we were at home again, Frank ?”

“ That I do,” said Frank.

The next morning, Frank came into his mother’s room. “ Good morning to you, dear mother,” said he, “ I am sure Colonel Birch was right, and that you made me too happy at home.”

“ I am sorry for it, my dear child,” said his mother, “ if you are to suffer for it.”

“ No, mother, I will not suffer, nor shall you. Frank is himself again this morning,” said he, smiling.

Mary hearing Frank’s voice, came out of her little room ready dressed, but looking mournfully, she said,

"I am very sorry we are to stay here a whole fortnight."

"Do not be sorry, Mary," said Frank, "for though it is disagreeable, I am sure it will do me a great deal of good."

After a night's refreshing sleep, he had recovered his sense and his spirit. He had been up above an hour with Lewis, who had settled his mind, he said, on those points, which had disturbed him most, *Fags* and *fagging*. He was exceedingly sorry that he could not go with Lewis to that school of his, where neither fags nor fagging were allowed; but since he could not abolish the vile custom, by any thing he could say or do, all that remained was to do his duty, if he was ever called upon to be a fag. Frank was determined he would bear every thing well, unless, said he, it should come to red hot pokers, or any such tyranny as ought not to be borne.

"But what would you do then if it did?" said Mary.

"I would," said Frank, "boldly before my tyrant's face, and before all *his* schoolfellows, come forward, and ask *his* schoolfellows, and *my* schoolfellows, and *his* master, and *my* master, whether this ought to be borne or not."

Frank acted the coming forward as he spoke, with great spirit, and looked as he felt, like a little hero.

"Bravo, Frank!" said his father, looking at him from his dressing-room door; "you would do quite right; but I promise you that I will inquire into the facts, and you shall not be sent

to any school where I know that such tyranny is practised. I do not say permitted, for were it known, I am sure it would not be suffered."

"Thank you, father," said Frank; "then if I have a tolerable master, I will be as good a fag as ever was seen; you shall find, and Colonel Birch shall find, that I am not spoiled, though I have been so happy, my dear mother, at home; I will not be lazy, nor cross, nor a tell-tale; but one thing I am resolved upon, if it comes to the trial, I will tell no lie for any body, I will speak the truth always; and I am able, I hope, to bear the consequences."

His father came out from the inner room, while Frank was saying this, and he laid his hand upon Frank's head and said,

"God bless you, my dear son; and if you keep to this resolution, and hold to such principles, you will be a blessing to your mother, and to me."

Frank, when he heard these words, thought he was able to bear any thing, and to do any thing. He saw his mother's eyes fixed fondly upon him, and Mary again looking bright and happy. In high spirits, he ran down stairs to see whether breakfast was ready. In the hall which he was to cross, to go to the breakfast-room, Granville, the whole schoolboy party, and some others were standing, and as Frank passed, Shaw tried to catch hold of him: "Ah, tame bird, are you alive this morning?"

"Not a tame bird," said Frank, escaping from him, "not to be caught by you."

"He will be tamed soon, though," cried Power, seizing hold of Frank's arm.

"May be so, but not by you Mr. Power," said Frank, standing still, but steadily, under his grasp.

"Let the boy go, if you please, Power," said Granville, calmly.

And Power let him go, saying disdainfully, "Who wants to hold him?"

"One moment, I beg your pardon," said Spellman, setting himself with his spread arms, before Frank, to stop him as he was springing forward: "May I ask you one question?"

"Any you please," said Frank; "but," added he, in a playful tone, "I'm to choose whether I'll answer it or not."

"Then tell me," said he, winking over Frank's head at the bystanders; "Tell me, my little man, if you were to choose, of these four gentlemen, whose fag would you be?"

Frank paused, considered, and answered, "I shall say the name you wish me to say, but not because you expect it, nor to flatter any body: I should choose Mr. Granville."

Granville smiled.

"Well said," cried Cressingham; "but tell why—why did not you choose me?"

"I don't know enough of you, Sir," said Frank.

"As much as of Granville," said Cressingham.

"Not *quite* so much," said Frank.

"Why! What do you know of him?" said Cressingham.

"Something," answered Frank "something that he said."

"Said!" repeated Shaw, "When?"

"Yesterday at dinner, Mr. Granville said, 'For shame, gentlemen.'"

They all laughed. "He has caught Granville's indignant tone too," said Shaw; "I liked the voice particularly."

"I like the feeling better," said Cressingham.

"I like the boy," said Granville, drawing Frank closer to him; "for the future, my dear little fellow, you may call me Granville or Horace, and I will call you Frank."

"Thank you, Sir, but I would rather call you Mr. Granville, if you please," said Frank.

"Why? you call your friend Lewis, Lewis, don't you?"

"I do; because he is my friend, Sir."

"Well, Sir, and I intend to be your friend, Sir," said Granville, in a tone of familiarity unusual to him.

"Thank you, Sir," said Frank, still without changing his manner.

"He does not understand," said Spellman.

"He does," said Granville, "and I understand him."

A servant came to say that breakfast was ready. Mr. Granville again placed Frank beside him, telling him this was always to be his place.

This day Frank was much happier than he had been yesterday. In the first place, his father this day, in consequence of all he saw and heard of Messieurs Shaw and Power, and of the abuses of the fagging system that prevailed at their school, determined that Frank should never go there. Relieved from this dread, Frank felt



happier, because he became more accustomed to the new things and people by which and whom he was surrounded. He considered that he was to be at Bellombre only a fortnight, and that what was to happen afterwards at school was the point of most consequence to him ; therefore Mr. Granville, whom he began to look upon as his future master and protector, was the only person whom he need be anxious to please. Frank attended to all he said and did, and talked much of him and of his character to Lewis, and to his mother and Mary, whenever he could speak to them, but that was seldom. Some things he could not understand nor like. He could not understand why Mr. Granville was sometimes so bashful and at other times so haughty ; and he could not bear his letting Spellman go on flattering him. He found that Spellman was the son of some vulgar person, and was vulgar in his manners, mean in his habits, and without information, or any quality to recommend him except good-nature.

The fact was, that he had been Granville's first companion before he went to school, and he had then early acquired the habit of liking his flattery, which he mistook for affection, and he was glad to have Spellman to speak for him, which relieved his natural bashfulness. At school, and when he mixed with other boys, his shyness was conquered : competition and emulation called out his abilities ; his pride of rank and wealth were obliged to give way to a better sort of pride, he exerted himself, and excelled in talents ; he kept company with his equals and superiors, and

formed a friendship with Cressingham, who was a boy of honour. Whenever he returned home, however, the habits he had formed before he went to school recurred, and Spellman was as necessary at Bellombre as a fag was at school. He now considered Frank as completely under his protection, believing that it was settled that he should take him back with him to school, and have him for his future fag. For some days Frank found him very kind, and eager to secure for him his full share, and, in truth, more than his share, of every pleasure or diversion. In the mornings, there was fishing, boating, riding, driving. Granville mounted Frank well, and was, as he said, surprised to find "how admirably the little fellow rode." Spellman was not only surprised, but pretended to be perfectly astonished; Frank was ashamed, and disliked this coarse flattery, but he was not insensible to the general admiration which he thought he saw, that his horsemanship and his cleverness excited; especially Granville's silent nod in reply to the praises was gratifying. However, his mother and Lewis had put him upon his guard against vanity; he knew his own foible, and he behaved with great propriety. Cressingham liked his modesty. Shaw and Power did not care about him, when they had not an opportunity of laughing at him as a tame boy or a greenhorn. Frank became quite at his ease, and sometimes rose into high spirits, though still he was not so happy as at home. It was quite a different thing. Mary was never with him; he was scarcely ever with his father and mother, and he had none of his

own employments. It was diversion or idleness all day long ; and every night, when he went to bed, he was either tired of doing nothing, or his head was in a sort of puzzle from the variety of things he had seen. His father and mother had left him as much as possible to himself ; they never watched him. At the end of every day, when he came to wish his mother good-night in her dressing-room, it was his delight to tell her all that he could recollect of what had happened to him ; and he sometimes staid for half an hour after he had begun by saying he was so tired he could scarcely speak. Mary went to bed early, and was generally asleep when he came, but sometimes he awakened her by his late talkings, and of this she was always very glad, when she could hear from her little room what was said : she used to leave her door open on purpose, but she generally found it shut in the morning. Frank's mother, at length, limited his chattering time to ten minutes, after which she was inexorable ; and he was obliged to march off.

One advantage which she hoped from his visit to Bellombre, was, as she told him, that it would wean him from the habit of expecting sympathy such as he had enjoyed at home. She thought it was good for him to be separated from the friends with whom he had been used to live, especially from Mary, of whose kind and constant sympathy he would much feel the loss at school. Besides, the having been accustomed to too much sympathy, he had, perhaps, been too much nurtured by the fostering dew of praise ; he had been led even by his affection for his father and

mother, and by his respect and admiration for them, to make their praise and their approbation the object and motive of all his actions. His parents now spoke to him very seriously upon the danger of this to his future character.

They told him, that when he should be separated from them, as he soon would be, he must depend entirely upon his own principles, and upon the consciousness of doing what is right, when, perhaps, nobody in this world knows it, and when he would have neither sympathy nor praise.

Frank had some slight trials of this kind while he was at Bellombre.

Several little boys, the sons of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and some the sons of officers, who were quartered in the adjacent county-town, were frequently invited during his visit there, chiefly for his amusement. One day, Frank proposed to play at *follow the leader*, which he had long desired, and there were now boys enough. Their spirits rose as they went on. One leader vied with another—no one would be left behind. Till at last, when Frank was leader, he, eager to distinguish himself by noble daring, vaulted over certain net-work fences of the pheasantry, and, as he thought, cleared them without doing any damage, and pursued his way straight across the pheasant-yard; others followed, pushing headlong through the net-work, which they kicked down level with the ground. The birds alarmed at this sudden invasion, ran from side to side of their territory, and at last found and flew out of the gap in the net-work.

Much alarmed, the boys now pursued the birds, but pursued in vain. Some of them could not be recovered. Lady Chepstow, who was particularly fond of her pheasantry, was much displeased when she heard what had happened. And who did the mischief? was the question. Some thought Frank had given the first kick. He was quite sure that he had not, and that the damage had been done by his followers; but then he was leader, and had brought them into the scrape. He took the whole blame upon himself, and a great deal he had to bear. But what vexed him most was, that some of the boys, who did most mischief, behaved shabbily, and did not give him any thanks or credit for his truth and generosity. Lewis was not of the party. Frank could not even tell Mary how well he had behaved, but he knew it himself, that was his only comfort.

Many slighter, and some larger instances of a similar kind occurred, where Frank, more strict in truth than some of his companions, suffered by it at the time. But this strengthened his mind, and he felt proud of being able to do without praise, or even the dear reward of his father and mother's and Mary's sympathy and approbation.

One evening, the little party had been amusing themselves, by playing at cards. Frank, who did not know how to play, was only a stander by, and he had been rather mortified in not being able to take any part in the diversion. When the elder boys had finished their game, and were gone to billiards, he took up the cards, and began to show off to the little boys some of the tricks which he had seen played by the juggler, which,

for the moment, made him in their opinion, a man of consequence. General surprise and admiration were excited, when he declared, that he could undertake to tell what card in the pack any person in company might choose. This could not be believed ; they defied him. Frank presented the cards to one of the little boys, and bid him choose one, and take it from the pack ; he did so : then Frank desired him to replace it, and then to whisper to his neighbour the name of the card he had chosen. This was done accordingly ; Frank then examining the cards with great gravity, threw one after another upon the table, saying, " It was not this, it was not that, nor that, nor this ; but it was this," said he, putting his finger on the king of clubs.

How wonderful ! it was the very card the boy had thought of. Frank was looked upon with astonishment by all the little spectators. " Well, you are indeed a conjurer !" cried they.

Frank enjoyed their surprise, and was not a little elated by the superiority which his being able to perform this feat, gave him over those who had lately looked down upon him with pity, if not with contempt, for his ignorance of all games at cards, even of "*beggar-my-neighbour*." One of the spectators, however, more incredulous, would not believe what he had seen, and though the others asked if he would not believe his own eyes, he persisted in thinking, that what had appeared to have been done, had not been done fairly. Frank asked, what he meant by fairly ? The boy answered, " I mean that I

think you overheard the whisper, and so knew the name of the card fixed upon."

"I assure you that I did not," said Frank ;  
"that indeed would not have been fair."

"Well then, somebody made a sign to you, which told you when you came to the right."

"No : I have no friend here but Lewis ; and, Lewis, will you go out of the room, while I do it over again ?"

His friend Lewis went out of the room to oblige him, while a new card was to be fixed upon. Frank retired to the farthest end of the apartment, while the name of the new card was whispered, that he might this time be from all suspicion. The doubter, and all the judges, acknowledged that it was impossible he should this time have overheard. And yet this time, as before, the moment it appeared, he told the card which had been pitched upon. It was the knave of diamonds. All were in admiration, except the obstinate doubter, who now looked not only incredulous, but vexed in the midst of his delighted companions. "What do you think of him now, *General* ?" said they. They called him *General*, or the little *General*, because he was the son of an officer, and had often said, he would be a general when he should be a man ; he was an honest, generous boy, but he was too fond of laying wagers, and betting upon all occasions in favour of his own opinion.

"I will lay you any wager, I know how you do it : if it is not by the ear, it must be by the eye. You guess by the countenance, I saw you

look at your sister, or your cousin, is she? and I dare say she made some sign to you, the moment she came near the table."

Mary, who had joined the circle of spectators, now blushing, declared, that she had made no sign to Frank : she would go away, she said, and they might try it over again. She withdrew. Frank assured the little General, that he was mistaken in his suspicions, but he exclaimed,

" You must have some way of doing it—I know there's some trick in it."

" I do not deny that," said Frank ; " I have some way of doing it, certainly, but you have not found out my secret."

" Well, I will lay you any wager you please," said he to Frank, " that if your friend and this young lady, are both out of the room, and if you stand so that you cannot see our faces, you will never be able to tell the card I choose."

Frank said, he would lay any wager that he could tell it.

" Come then, I'll lay you this silver pencil-case of mine, to that ivory rule you showed me, that you cannot."

" Done !" said Frank, hastily. " Done," said the other ; but Frank recollecting himself, drew back, and said, " No, I will not lay any wager about it."

Upon which all, and the little General the loudest, exclaimed, that he could not draw back, that this was not fair. " I draw back, because I think it would not be fair to go on," said Frank ; " I am quite certain that I can do it."

The little General laughed rather sneeringly,



and said, "This is a fine way of getting off;" but Frank persisted that he would not lay any wager about it; but he would prove to them that he could do it. He stood with his back to the spectators. Lewis and Mary were out of the room. The knave of hearts was the card which the little General chose; and to secure himself from that wonderful quickness of hearing, which he suspected Frank to possess, he would not even whisper it; he wrote it down on a slip of paper, and put it into the hand of a friend, which closed upon it instantly, so that it could not have been seen. Frank, however, without hesitation, named the card which had been thought of, and the moment it appeared, said, "That is it, the knave of hearts."

"I give up," said the officer's son, "I am quite convinced, that you do it fairly." He ran to call in Mary and Lewis, and repeated the same to them; adding, that he begged Frank's pardon, and theirs, for having doubted them.

"But what a fool you were, begging your pardon, Master Frank," said Spellman, "not to stick to your bet, you would have fairly won his silver pencil-case."

"He has shown that he can both play tricks, and be honest too, I think," said Cressingham.

Several of the little boys expressed a great desire, to know how the trick was played, and Frank said, he would explain it to them. He showed, that the person who was to play the trick, began by first fixing upon a card, suppose the three of hearts, then he lets you choose what you please, and at the mean time he keeps

his three of hearts, at the bottom of the pack ; makes you put yours under it, keeps the three of hearts, and the card chosen, close together in shuffling, and then he is sure that they must be found together. Afterwards, in looking over the pack, he knows that the card next the three of hearts, must be that which was chosen. " That is all, you see," concluded Frank, " the trick is very simple."

" Very simple, indeed," said the little General, " now that we know it."

" And very simple of you, Frank, to show it to them," said Power ; " you might always have made yourself a man of some consequence in the world, with this juggler trick, if you had kept it to yourself."

Power walked away as he spoke and Cressingham looking at Granville, said, " Who knows but Frank may make himself of some consequence in the world, without the assistance of any juggler's trick ?"

Granville gave his approving nod with unusual energy, which pleased both Lewis and Mary very much.

Granville and Cressingham then walked away together, and Spellman following, looked back and said,

" For all that, I would have kept my secret to myself, if I were you, master Frank."

" So would I, if I were you, Mr. Spellman," answered Frank.

The little General, and Lewis, and Mary, all smiled and thought of the same thing. " Alexander's answer to Parmenio, was not that what

made you smile ?" said the little General. " It was," said Lewis. The rest of the young people looked as if they wished to understand, but did not. Since they came to Bellombre, scarcely any allusions had ever been made by Lewis, Mary, or Frank, to any thing they had been reading at home. Not that the young people there did not read ; they read history more than Frank and Mary ever read for lessons ; but either they thought it pedantic, to talk of such things, or they had no pleasure in thinking of them. They never listened with interest to any of the conversation of grown-up people, upon literary subjects, so that they had little opportunity of feeling the advantage or pleasure of what they had read.

This officer's son, whom we shall call James, was very sprightly and entertaining ; his mother was fond of reading, and from her he had learned to like it. He began to give Frank and Lewis a very entertaining account of what had happened to his father in Spain, and the different countries where he had been with his regiment. But Lord Chepstow was heard to say something about franking letters, and Lewis was obliged to go away, to finish a letter for home—the old story. Frank said he would remember to tell him all that he might hear while he should be away. Frank found that this little general's father was one of those officers whom he had met with at Col. Birch's the morning of the review, and the boy knew and loved Col. Birch, so that there was another subject of agreeable conversation, and reason for liking one another. But while they

were talking very happily, all the little party came to ask them to play at some game at cards. The officer's son answered that he could not play with them to-night.

"Oh I am glad of it!—thank you," said Frank, "do stay and tell me entertaining things, and do not go to those stupid cards."

"Stupid!" exclaimed one of the boys, who, as Frank observed, had a bad countenance. "You say stupid, because you cannot play any game, and *that is* very stupid indeed."

Again he pulled the little general's elbow, saying, "You are not stupid, and you must come to us. Look, we are all waiting for you, general."

"Well. only one game," answered James, following, but as if he was led away against his will. "Only one game, for I want to talk to my friend here," said he, drawing Frank along with him.

"And why cannot your friend there play with us, like other people?" said another of the party.

"I do not know how," repeated Frank, feeling ashamed he could not tell *why*, for there really was nothing to be ashamed of in not knowing how to play at cards.

"If that is all, we will soon teach you how," said one of the boys. "Commerce is the easiest game in the world—any body can play at commerce. Sit down with us, and I will sit beside you and teach you. Come now, sit down, you have no excuse." Frank thought that he had no other excuse, and he forgot that no excuse was necessary; he need only have said that he did not choose to play. He sat down, but he said he

would not play for money. The officer's son said "Certainly not, till you know how." Frank repeated to himself, "I will not play for money when I do know how." The boy who undertook to teach him, now showed him what cards to play every time when it came to his turn, and, in short, taught him the game, in which no skill, or very little, seemed necessary : it was all, or almost all, chance. Frank at first wondered how every body could be so eager about it ; for, thought he, "it is no merit of theirs whether they have or have not what they call *good luck* or *good cards* dealt to them." This was very true ; but Frank soon felt that he began to grow eager like the rest, and was pleased and proud when he had good luck, and vexed and mortified when he had ill fortune ; though there was nothing to be lost or gained by it, since they were playing for nothing. Frank had *good cards* dealt to him two or three deals running, and he was delighted ; his colour and his spirits rose, and now he was extremely eager to go on.

"Now you know the game, Frank, and play as well as any of us, let us play for something ; it is so stupid playing for nothing."

"As little as you please ; a penny, if you will," said the boy, whom Frank had before observed had a bad countenance.

Frank was not quite sure that it was right to play for money ; he had a mind to go to ask his mother, but he was ashamed. He half got up, but the little general whispered, "Have not you a penny ? if you have not, I'll lend you one."

" Oh yes, I have a penny ; I have plenty of money," replied Frank.

" Then sit still, can't you ? what signifies a penny—are you afraid to run your chance of losing a penny ?" said one of the little boys, laughing.

" Not a bit afraid of that," said Frank.

" What, then, must you go to ask your mamma about every penny ?"

Frank blushed, drew his penny from his pocket, and laid it in the middle of the table along with the other pennies, in what was called the pool. They played, and Frank played very ill, for his mind was disturbed by the doubt of whether he was doing right or wrong, and he knew but little of what he was about, and scarcely knew one card from another, as his adviser pulled it out of his hand. He did not know how it happened, certainly not by any care of his own—perhaps by the skill of him by whom he was directed, or perhaps by chance, but he won frequently ; and at last, all the rest of the party having lost, except himself and his new friend, they two were to play for the whole pool, that is, for all the halfpence which had been staked, and which were now in the middle of the table. Frank did not care for the money, but he wished to be winner, or, as he called it, to be victorious. He won, exulted in his victory, and consented to play again for one other penny, as he thought ; but after he had dealt, an operation which, as it was new to him, took up all his attention, he saw that there was silver instead of pence in the middle of the table ; and he was told that they were

now playing for silver, for that it was too vulgar, too stupid, and too miserly to play for halfpence. Frank would have liked to have stopped, but he fancied that he could not now that the game was begun; besides, he was afraid of being thought "too vulgar," "too stupid," "too miserly," particularly as the boy with the bad countenance remarked, that Frank had won halfpence enough already from them all, to pay his stake now, if he lost, "and therefore," said he, "you need not look so anxious about your pence."

Frank said he did not care at all about the pence, and went on playing; and still, though he was really not in the least anxious about either the pence or silver, he became, as before, excessively eager to win. He was also proud to be able to play entirely for himself. The little general was the most eager of the whole party, and his temper seemed quite altered, as Frank observed, and he became not only anxious, but quite ill-humoured and agitated as the game ran towards the close, which was to decide who was to win or lose. Some disputes occurred, many cross looks, and some cross words. Frank did not like this at all; and he wished it was finished, and once he had a mind to throw down his cards, and give it up and go away. The same thought passed in his mind while his neighbour was dealing, but Frank happened to have such good cards, this time, that he saw he should win the game, if he did not give it up, and he staid and played, and to his surprise and joy again won, and won the whole.

"And is all this mine?" cried Frank.

"Aye, pocket it," said the boy with the bad countenance, in a surly tone, pushing it towards him. No one took pleasure in Frank's pleasure, no one rejoiced in his success ; that was impossible, because all lost by what he gained. The two youngest boys looked disconsolate, but the little general was the most vexed ; he bit his nails, and stamped about, quite in a passion, declaring, that he had always the worst luck of any body in the whole world ; and yet he wanted to play one other game. But there was not time ; the little boys had not been invited to stay to supper this night. The carriage, which was to carry them home, was at the door waiting, as Spellman had twice told them ; and Granville himself now came from the billiard-room, to say, that they must not keep the horses waiting ; off they must go, all but the officer's son, James ; he was to go home with his father, who was at billiards, and not yet ready. The boy with the bad countenance said to Frank, as he passed to go away, "remember, you must give us our revenge to-morrow night."

"Revenge !" said Frank.

"Aye, you must play again, to be sure, to give us, losers, a chance of wining back our own." Before Frank had time to reply, the boy turned away, to claim from James the money he had lent him for his last stake. James answered, "we can settle that another time," and he put his silver pencil-case into the boy's hand, adding, "take that for the present."—Frank did not hear this, nor did he see the disturbed countenance of James, for he was intent upon far other thoughts



of his own. He had spread his treasure on the green table, and counting it, and portioning it out, was settling what he would do with it. "With this," said he to himself, "I can buy for Mary the magnet which she wished for, and with this a knife, such as Lewis wanted, and I can buy a pencil-case for myself."

He looked up, and asked the little general the price of his pencil-case. James answered hastily, "I do not know—I did not buy it, it was given to me." Then he began to spin a tetotum which lay on the table; and a sudden thought seeming to come into his head, he took out his watch. A small one indeed, but it was a real watch.

Frank looked at it, and observed, that it was very pretty.

"Frank," said James, "did you ever play at tetotum?"

"Often," said Frank, "with Mary, when she was a very little girl."

"Oh! but I do not mean child's play—I mean men's play, betting. Look at this T on the tetotum, that T stands for 'take up all.' If it comes up first to you, you win—if first to me, I win. Now, we will play for this watch, if you please, I will stake this against all the money you have won there on the table.

Frank, in much amazement, looked at him, and said, "Would you run the chance of losing your watch, that nice watch?"

"I would," said James, "because I think I shall win this time. Come, shall I spin the tetotum?"

"Stay," said Frank, stopping his hand, "I do not think it is right."

"Right! I have a right to do what I please with my own, the watch is mine. But, you are afraid to hazard your treasure there."

"No," said Frank, "I am not—I would rather have the watch than all this, or twice as much. So, if you think it is not wrong—"

The other spun the tetotum without waiting to say or to hear more. He spun the tetotum; but the T, for "take up all," did not come up to him.—Frank won.

The watch was put into his hands. He was glad—he was sorry—he was amazed. His feelings were like those of one in a dream. He felt some one touch his shoulder, and looking up, he saw not the boy with whom he had been playing; he was gone, but Lewis stood before him.

"How comes this here?" said Lewis, taking up the watch. "Is it yours? How came you by it? What have you been doing?"

He pronounced these questions rapidly, and the anxiety of his manner so alarmed Frank, that he had only power to answer,

"It is mine, I've won it—I'm afraid I've done wrong—what shall I do?"

"Won it! Have you been gambling?—Return it—return it as fast as you can," cried Lewis.

"That I will," exclaimed Frank, starting up, "but he is gone!"

"Who do you mean? James?—I met him going out as I came in."

"Oh, stop him, find him for me," said Frank.

"Come with me then, and bring the watch."

They both went in search of James. But they could not find him any where, yet his father's carriage was at the door. What could have become of him, unless he had gone away on foot. Frank became very much frightened. Lewis asked all the servants in the outer hall, but they knew nothing of him. One, however, thought he had seen him pass by a few minutes before. Lewis ran out, guessing that he might have got into his father's carriage. One of the servants would have followed to open the carriage-door, but Lewis forbade him, saying, they would rather open the door for themselves. Frank followed; the blinds were up. Lewis went round to the side that was farthest from the hall-door, and opened the carriage without making any noise. James, with his face downwards, and stretched on the floor of the carriage, was sobbing violently; he started up, and cried, "who is there?"—"A friend," answered Lewis; "go into the carriage, Frank, and I'll wait for you."

Frank jumped in, and without speaking, put the watch into his hands.

"What do you mean?" said James.

"I mean to give it back to you again," said Frank.

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, yes, take the watch out of my hands," said Frank.

James took it, and thanked Frank vehemently again and again, and shook his hands, repeating, "you have saved me, you have saved me—you can't conceive how miserable I was." He was

in such agitation he hardly knew what he said or did. The carriage-door was open, and by the moonlight Frank saw his face plainly. It was quite pale, and smeared with tears. James kissed the watch several times, exclaiming, "My dear watch! my dear, dear mother. My mother gave it to me, and I promised her never to part with it.—Oh, Frank! I broke my promise; and to have gone home to her without the watch—Oh, think what shame it would have been. How lucky I was to lose to you instead of to any of the others, they would never have given it back to me.—Oh, thank you!—thank you, generous Frank. Now I am resolved I will never get myself into such a scrape again. I will never play for money again."

"Nor I neither," said Frank, "I wish you would take back all this which I won. I cannot bear to keep it" Frank emptied his pocket of all that he had won. "Pray do give it back to them, you will see them again, perhaps I shall not. I shall never be happy till they have it all again—I had not the least idea how miserable you were. How very unhappy you must have been when you lost it, and when you recollected that you had broken your promise, How could you do that?"

James looked exceedingly ashamed. "Oh Frank," said he, "this is the first time you ever gambled, you don't know what it is; but I do—you cannot think how it leads one on to forget every thing.—What noise is that in the hall?—Is my father coming?"

"No, only the servants passing backwards and forwards."

"See," said James, "see to what it brings me, to be afraid and ashamed to meet my own father and mother. But, good night, good night, Frank," continued he, "do not say a word to any body about the watch; for *they* would be very angry if they knew about it. Keep my secret, and I shall be obliged to you as long as I live. Go, now, my dear Frank, do not let my father find you here, or he will wonder. Only, don't tell — promise me that."

Frank would not make this promise, though it was difficult and painful to refuse James in his distress; he stopped on the step of the carriage, and said steadily,

"I cannot promise you not to tell what has passed to any body; my friend, Lewis, knows it already: and I tell my father and mother every thing about myself, whenever I think I have done wrong, therefore I must tell them what I have done now, for I think I did very wrong; but I will not mention your name. Will this do?"

James, looking again very much ashamed, paused, and said, "I do not know what I shall do."

"Take my advice," said Frank, "Tell the whole to your father and mother."

"I would," said James, "but that I am afraid."

"Afraid?" said Frank: "You a general, and afraid?"

The general changed countenance, and after a moment, exclaimed,

"I am determined I *will* have the courage to tell them the whole truth. Go in, Frank, and tell my father, when you hear them ask for me, that I am sitting in the carriage, waiting for him, and that I have something to say to him. Good bye, I wish I had always such a friend."

This night, when Frank went into his mother's room, he shut Mary's door, for all this, he thought, was not proper for her to hear; and he then told his mother all that had passed. His father came in, and listened to him while he was speaking; and when he ended by saying, "I hope you will not ask me the name of the boy, whose watch I won," his father and mother assured him they would not ask him that, or any question which he felt bound in honour not to answer, and his mother rejoiced to see that he had entire confidence in them.

"Now, Frank," said his father, "young as you are, you have seen something by which you can guess at the meanness and misery, to which a gambler may be reduced. Those who acquire the habit of gambling, when they are boys, continue it when they grow to be men; and to this terrible passion for gaming, they sacrifice every thing they have in the world—their friends, their family, their honour; just as you saw that boy break his word, and pledge the watch which he had promised to keep for ever. I am glad you have had this lesson early in life, it will make an impression upon you; and now you have another opportunity of trying your own

resolution : which do you think best, you are a boy of sense, and I leave it to you to choose. . I will either take you home to-morrow morning, or stay with you here to the end of the time I had proposed to remain. Will you go home, or stay here ?”

Frank answered, that he would certainly much rather go home ; but yet he chose to stay, that he might try his own power of withstanding persuasion and ridicule. .

And his resolution, upon this subject, did not fail. The next night, when the young party returned, the boy with the bad countenance tried to persuade him to play again, but he steadily refused ; and this was the more easy, because James having returned to each of the boys the money which Frank had won, they could not suppose that he refused to play, from the mere fear of losing what he had gained.

He kept the little general's secret faithfully, as he had promised ; all that he heard about him, was, that his father had been ordered away with a detachment of the regiment. When he had repaid the boys their money, he had charged them to give his love to Frank, and to tell him he had taken his advice, and that he hoped and believed, that he should be the better for it all his life.

---

MR. BERKELEY, the curate of Bellombre, was an excellent amiable man ; he usually came every morning to read an hour with Horace Gran-

ville, who loved him, and always treated him with the greatest respect. But Messieurs Power and Shaw did not follow this good example. When Granville was not by, Power sometimes showed his vulgar insolence of wealth, and Shaw played off his impertinent wit against this reverend gentleman. Power viewed with scorn the rusty black coat which was worn by him, who gave all he denied himself to the poor. Shaw, in speaking of him, sometimes called him Parson Adams, and Mr. Primitive, and was very angry with Frank because he would not understand who he meant, except when he called Mr. Berkeley by his proper name, nor would he ever join in their odious merriment.

One Sunday Lord Chepstow's seat at church was so crowded, that some of the people were sent to a pew underneath. Power, Shaw, Lewis, and Frank, were of the number. Power and Shaw, thinking, perhaps, that they were screened from observation, talked and behaved in a very unbecoming manner during the service; and during the sermon they amused themselves with doing all they could to distract the attention of Frank and Lewis, but in vain. Frank and his friend had behaved with the most steady propriety. After church Shaw ridiculed them, and remarked Frank's face of attention, and called him an hypocritical little quiz, and Power added as much wit or abuse of the same kind as he could muster; but Frank was sure he was right, and he bore it quite unmoved.

After church Frank's mother was going to walk to the parsonage with Mrs. Berkeley, and Mr.



Berkeley asked Frank and Lewis if they would accompany them ; he said he would show them his garden, as they were fond of gardening, and Mary should see what she had long wished to see—a yellow rose in flower.

Power and Shaw whispered to each other, and determined that they, though uninvited, would be of the party, for Shaw was in hopes that he should find something to laugh at in the parsonage and its inhabitants ; but they could find nothing to ridicule in its neat content and cheerfulness ; besides, they were kept in awe by Granville, who came in soon after them, and before whom they dared not venture to quiz Mr. Berkeley, or to laugh at any thing belonging to him.

One of the prints in Mrs. Berkeley's sitting-room caught Frank's attention particularly ; it was from a picture of Wright—under it were written these words :

*“ Miravan—A young nobleman of Ingria breaking open the tomb of his ancestors in search of wealth (incited by this equivocal inscription—‘ In this tomb is a treasure greater than Cræsus ever possessed, ’) found, on entering it, the following :—‘ Here dwells repose.—Sacrilegious wretch! searchest thou for gold among the dead? Go, son of avarice, thou canst not enjoy repose !’ ”*

Frank called Lewis to look at this print, and to read what was written beneath it.

Lewis wondered that the story was told of a young nobleman in Ingria, because he recollected, in the first volume of Herodotus, which he had just read at school, a similar story told of

Darius, and of a princess who had been buried over one of the gates of Babylon.

Mrs. Berkeley took down the Greek Herodotus and gave Frank the translation, that he might look for the story. Frank found it, and eagerly read it aloud, happy to do honour to his friend Lewis. Mr. Berkeley asked his daughter to copy the print for Frank, which she kindly promised; of which Frank was very glad, but he still more enjoyed the praises of his friend, whose excellent memory pleased all present—all, except Shaw, who could not bear the praise of any talents but his own. He had first asserted that he was sure there was no such thing in Herodotus; looked mortified when Frank found it, and tried to comfort himself by disparaging Herodotus, who, as he said, was known to be the father of lies. He attacked his translator too, and endeavoured to fix the attention of the company by his own superior knowledge of Greek, in detecting some small error; but this failing, he looked excessively mortified. Frank observed, that Power seemed more interested than he had ever known him before in any subject of literature. He seemed really to admire Lewis, and Spellman continued to question him in various parts of the book, keeping Mr. Berkeley in admiration of his memory, till Shaw, at last, took up his hat and walked off. Then Power laughed, and said to Granville, "We have fairly driven Shaw off the field; he could not stand our praises of Lewis with all his wit; he is the most envious creature alive. Think of his envying a boy so much younger than himself!"

Granville made no answer but a look of high disdain. Frank, who did not know the feelings of envy, was really surprised, and could scarcely believe it possible. He had observed, indeed, that Shaw always found fault with whatever was praised, especially with an excellent prize poem of one of Lewis's school-fellows, but this Frank had attributed to party spirit, of the nature of which, he had lately acquired some knowledge. He had wondered that he had never admired any of the periodical papers written by his own schoolfellows, which he had always criticised with great severity. But still Frank, in his simplicity, had thought that this must arise from Shaw's superior cleverness, which made it so difficult to please his taste and judgment. At first he could not suspect envy, but his eyes were now open to the truth. Power, with brutal mirth, told several anecdotes in confirmation of the truth, and said he would lay any wager he could make Shaw envious of a child of four years old. Frank, instead of joining in his mirth, looked grave and astonished.

"Is it possible," said he, "that so clever a boy as Shaw can be envious, and that you, who are his friend, can laugh at him?"

"Why not," said Power, "does not he laugh at me and at every body? He is fair game, if any body is, and one is glad to have a shot at him."

So saying, he took Spellman by the arm, who, with his acquiescing "very true," walked off.

"Lewis, you are a different sort of friend," thought Frank. Mr. Berkeley, as if he had read his thoughts, said,

"What a happiness it is to you two, to be such good friends. This will last not only through your school days, but through life."

"Certainly," said Frank, "only do you know, Sir, there is one great misfortune, we cannot go to the same school?"

"That is a misfortune, for which I pity you," said Mr. Berkeley; "but, to whatever school you go, your friendship will continue, and wherever you are, you will make friends, if you preserve this kind, generous temper, untainted with envy."

"If!" repeated Frank, and he stood silent. "Surely," thought he, "it is impossible that I could ever become envious."

The rest of the company now began to talk on different subjects. Some gathered round a table to look at Miss Berkeley's beautiful drawings. Many went to a hortus siccus, a collection of dried plants. Lewis to a mineralogical cabinet; but Frank, more interested in what his father and Mr. Berkeley were saying, than in flowers or stones, followed them to a window, where they were talking apart.

He asked if he might listen to what they were saying; his father nodded assent, and went on, eagerly speaking of the difference between emulation and envy. Emulation being a generous desire to raise ourselves in excellence. Envy, a base wish to lower others.

Mr. Berkeley admitted the possibility of keeping these distinct. "Certainly in careful private education," he said, "this could be done effectually." He opened a volume of Cowper's

Poems, and pointed to some lines, which Frank read along with his father.

These describe emulation as a compound

“Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride,”

and give a terrible picture of the spirit of competition among schoolboys.

“Each vainly magnifies his own success,  
Resents his fellow's, wishes it were less;  
Exults in his miscarriage if he fail,  
Deems his reward too great if he prevail;  
And labours to surpass him day and night,  
Less for improvement than to tickle spite.  
The spur is powerful, and I grant its force;  
It pricks the genius forward in its course,  
Allows short time for play, and none for sloth:  
And felt alike by each, advances both;  
But judge, where so much evil intervenes,  
The end, though plausible, not worth the means.  
Weigh for a moment classical desert,  
Against a heart depraved, and temper hurt:  
Hurt too, perhaps for life; for early wrong  
Done to the nobler part, affects it long.”

As he finished these lines, Frank sighed.

“Do not be afraid, my dear,” said Mr. Berkeley, smiling; and, laying his hand on Frank's head, added, “I am sure that you will never become envious.”

“How can you be sure of that?—or how can I be sure of it?” said Frank; “for, if it happens to others when they go to school, why should it not happen to me?”

His father answered, “that he had been at a public school himself—that he had felt emulation strongly; and that he could answer for it, that

envy is not the necessary consequence of school competitions ; he had been excelled by many, but he never recollected having felt envious of his successful rivals, nor," added he, "did my winning many a prize from my friend Birch, ever diminish his friendship for me."

Granville and Cressingham were passing by at this moment, and Frank's father appealed to them, and asked their opinion. They supported his evidence with their own ; said, that they thought they had seen more envy and jealousy between boys bred at home, than among those at school ; because at home, the applause and affection of the father and mother become part of the reward, and the boy who does not succeed in scholarship is then more mortified than he could be by losing any school-prize ; but, they agreed, that much in either case depended upon the impartiality of the parent, and the justice of the schoolmaster.

Frank was of opinion, that parents could not be partial—as to schoolmasters, he did not know, but he was willing to believe, that they could be sometimes unjust, and perhaps often mistaken. But the general argument, however, did not interest him so much as his own particular case ; he hoped that he might feel like his father, or like Colonel Birch, or like any of those generous boys, who had been free from envy ; but he wanted to know how he could make sure of this.

Granville walked off, saying, that a boy who was not naturally base, he supposed, was not likely to become envious.

Frank blushed at his own doubts of himself, but his father and Mr. Berkeley told him, that he need not be ashamed of them, that these doubts would probably prove his best security, as they would make him watchful over his own mind.—“But,” added Mr. Berkeley, “there can be little dependance upon habits and good feelings, unless supported both by good habits and good principles.”

“Principles!” said Power, as he came up behind Frank, and heard the last words.

“They are at principles, and such fudge still,” whispered he to Spellman.

“Remember, it is Sunday,” said Spellman, with a sort of double face and tone, which was meant to appear respectful to Mr. Berkeley, and which Power was to understand as mockery: “you forget it is Sunday.”

“Sunday or not, I hope there is no harm in going to the stables, so come off—with Mr. Berkeley’s leave we will go and take a peep at his stud.”

“I have no stud, young gentlemen,” replied Mr. Berkeley, mildly. I have only one horse, and he is not at all worth your seeing.”

“We shall see that,” said Power, and with an insolent nod he left the room, followed by Spellman, with a mock-respectful bow, which it was very well for him that Granville did not see.

Mr. Berkeley, quite unmoved, resumed what he had been saying.

“My dear young friend, if you will allow me to call you so—”

“I will, Sir,” said Frank, eagerly, “thank you.”

“A boy accustomed as you have been to appeal to his own conscience, without looking always to the praise of others, or to the opinion of by-standers, will be well enough satisfied with himself when he is sure that he is right in essential things. Mere learning, or any attainment, or any talent, as you know, are far inferior in value to honourable, generous feelings, and conduct. Even if you should meet with an unjust school-master, or should fail in school competitions, the consciousness in your own mind of being free from all envy will support you under that mortification ; besides, I am sure, that you would have too much spirit to give up, and you would know, that if you did not succeed in one instance, you might do so some time or other ; and this hope will secure you from envy. It has been well observed by those who know human nature best, that people of strong minds are never envious ; weak minds only are subject to that unhappy infirmity.”

Frank thanked Mr. Berkeley, and felt particularly gratified by his manner of speaking to him.”

In support of the truth of what Frank's father had asserted, “That under judicious guidance, strong emulation may be excited in young minds without any mixture of envy,” Mr. Berkeley related an anecdote which had fallen under his own observation, in a school in his neighbourhood.—At this school, the sons of several wealthy farmers, and of the poorer class of peasants, received instruction together.

It happened that the son of a rich farmer, and of a poor widow, came in competition for the mo-



monitorship of their class ; they were so nearly equal, that the master could scarcely decide between them : some days one, some days the other, gained the head of the class. It was to be determined, by seeing who should be at the head of the class for the greater number of days in the week.

The widow's son, by the last day's answer, gained the victory and maintained his place the ensuing week, till the school was dismissed for the holidays.

When they met again, however, he did not appear, and the farmer's son being next in excellence, might now have been at the head of his class ; but instead of seizing that vacant place, which had devolved to him by the non-appearance of his rival, he went to the widow's house to inquire what could be the cause of her son's absence. Poverty was the cause : she found that she was not able, with her utmost endeavours, to continue to pay for his schooling, and for the necessary books, and the poor boy had returned to day labour, as it was his duty, for her support.—The farmer's son, out of the allowance of pocket-money which his father gave him, and without letting any body, but the widow and her son, know what he did, bought all the necessary books, and paid for the schooling of his rival, and brought him back again to the head of his class, where he continued to be monitor for a considerable time, at the expense of his generous rival.

Frank clapped his hands, at hearing this story. Mary came up to ask what pleased him so much, and he repeated it to her with delight.

On taking leave of Mr. Berkeley, they were sorry to hear that he was going away for several days, to visit some distant parts of his parish, and he was not sure that he was to return before they were to leave Bellombre.

---

"So, master!" said Shaw, stopping opposite to Frank one evening, and setting his hand on his hip, contemplating him as he was standing alone, while the other little boys were playing at cards—"So, master Frank, you seem to be left out of every thing that is going on there."

"I was not *left* out, I *took* myself out," said Frank.

"Took yourself out—very good—but you look mighty like a person *sent to Coventry*," said Shaw. "Do you, in your simplicity, know what is meant by being *sent to Coventry*, pray?"

"Yes," said Frank, "you see I do."

"And how do you like it, my lad?" said Shaw.

"I do not like it, but I can bear it," said Frank; "one must bear many disagreeable things, and disagreeable people too."

Shaw passed on, took his hand off his hip, and rubbed it over his mouth, as was his custom when he had no pun ready, or when he was discomfited.

Frank had observed, that at the same time every evening, Lewis always disappeared, and re-appeared about an hour afterwards. Frank had often thought of going to see what he was

about, but something or other had always put it out of his head. But now that his declining popularity left him leisure to think more of his friend, he went in search of Lewis, whom he found in his room, quietly writing.

"What, letters ! letters for ever !" cried Frank. "Not at letter-writing, but at letters, *Belles-lettres*," said Lewis ; "I must learn to pun from Shaw. I am getting on with my theme, you know I have no time to lose."

"I see you lose no time," said Frank : "What ! you have chosen Epaminondas. My dear Lewis, how can you go on, here, just as if you were at home ?"

"Why not," said Lewis, "nothing disturbs me here, in my own room, you know."

"And yesterday, I saw you reading in the room with us all, when there was such a noise, I did not know that two and two made four," said Frank. "I do not think, I could have said my alphabet, I could not have attended to the most entertaining book in the world, in that buzz of voices, and din of billiards."

"Oh, we are used at school, to read and write, and get our lessons in a much greater din," said Lewis ; "so it is easy to me to do the same any where, that is one great advantage in having been at school."

"Shall I ever be able to do so ?" said Frank.

"Oh, yes, you will ; necessity is a hard master, but you are sure to learn from him, as my master said, who by the bye, is not an hard master."

"I wish he was to be mine," said Frank.

"He would tell you to say, '*I wish he were to*

be mine,'” said Lewis, laughing, “for he is very exact about the subjunctive mood, and I am sure would not let a fault pass even in a compliment to himself.”

“So exact ! and yet you seem to love him.”

“I do ; some people say, that no boy ever loved the man who taught him Latin, but that I deny,” said Lewis.

“So do I,” said Frank, “for I love my father, and yet he taught me Latin. But how Shaw would quiz and laugh at us, if he heard what we are saying, this minute,” said Frank, looking as if he was a little afraid that the walls should hear.

“The walls have not ears,” said Lewis, “and if they had, and if Shaw were to laugh at us, what matter ?”

“I should not mind it *much*,” said Frank, “but,” continued he, returning to what Lewis was writing, “is it possible that you have done all this ? how could you do it in so little time ? I scarcely ever missed you out of the room. How long were you at it every day ?”

“Just one hour every day,” said Lewis, “and at a time when nobody wanted me, nobody missed me, you see ; perhaps I lost some of the diversion below stairs ; but without doing this, I could not have finished my theme ; so I am content.”

“Shall I ever do as much, do you think ?” said Frank.

“That you will. Consider how much older I am than you, Frank : I am growing quite an old man.”

“So you are, really,” said Frank.

“Now I am come to the delightful word, *finis*,”

said Lewis, "and very glad I am, I worked hard, that I might have the few days afterwards, for you and Mary, when we go home."

"How very well thought of, and how kind," said Frank; "but you know how to be kind, and you think of every thing, though one would not guess it, because you never look solemn." He now seized upon Epaminondas, sat down, and said he would read it before he stirred; but Lewis, though he was very anxious to know what he would think of it, would not let him stay; he took the MS. out of his hand, and went down stairs with him.

If any young or old author should ever chance to read this, he will feel, perhaps, that there was some difficulty in the sacrifice, and will pronounce Lewis to be a good friend.

They went to the billiard-room, where the young people were assembled. Granville, Cressingham, Shaw, and Power, were at the table, which they had to themselves, all the elders being at this time, happily or unhappily, engaged in talking politics.

Frank liked very much to see billiards played. This is more a game of skill and address, than of chance; and his father, whose advice he had asked, had no objection to billiards; on the contrary, he liked them much as excellent exercise, good trial of the eye and hand, and pleasant amusement, *provided that they be not played for money, or turned to gambling by betting on the players.* Shaw and Power had desired to play for money, but to this, Granville would not consent; he had refused to play, if they betted on

his head. This was the more extraordinary, Shaw observed, because Granville played better than any body.

"The more honourable, you mean, not the more extraordinary, I hope," said Cressingham; "he does not want to win all Power's money, which he could easily do, you know, if he let himself be provoked to bet."

Power said something about his not valuing money, and not valuing those who were so mighty careful of their own or other people's.

Granville said, that Mr. Power might do what he pleased anywhere else, he did not pretend to have any right to control him, but that for his own part, he would not let his father's billiard-table be turned into a gaming-table.

This, which was pronounced not only proudly, but steadily, put a stop to all further discussion; and to Frank's great satisfaction, it was settled that there should be no bets: They went on playing for *nothing*, a phrase perhaps invented by those who think money every thing, and who forget, that playing for health and amusement, may be considered as playing for something. Frank now stood beside Granville, whose address he watched with great eagerness, observing the care with which he aimed, and the skill with which he struck the ball, to make it go to whatever point he desired. Frank's eye followed his ball constantly, and he wished that it should always succeed. This sympathy, and wish for his success, were evidently agreeable to Granville, who twice said, "Thank you, Frank!" and once stopped to let him have a stroke at the

ball himself, putting the cue into Frank's hand, and guiding him in his first aim.

"I never saw Mr. Granville half so fond of any body, I mean of any boy of his age, before," observed Spellman, in a tone intended to be flattering, but which, at the same time betrayed, that he was, for his own part, a little mortified. Well might he be mortified, for all the exaggerated praise that he continually bestowed on Granville's "wonderful-fine play!" never made Granville turn his head, or move a muscle of his countenance; "and yet he certainly must hear what Spellman is saying," thought Frank: "I wonder he lets him flatter in this way." Granville, though ashamed before others to appear to accept this adulation, yet from a mixture of habit and belief in Spellman's being attached to him, and from weakness, suffered him to go on. Frank could not endure it; he went as far from him as he could, to the opposite side of the table, and forgot to *mark*, and was so absent, that at last Granville called to him to mind his business, and reached across and gave him a little tap on the head with his cue. Frank started, and drew his head from under the stick; he did not like it, because he had seen the same thing done to Spellman. However, he obeyed directly, marked twice for Granville, and begged pardon for his carelessness.

"What could you be thinking of?" said Spellman, "pray do tell us, what were you thinking of?"

"I would rather not tell you," said Frank.

"Oh, you must tell us," cried Power, seizing hold of him in his rough manner.

Frank repeated, "that he would rather not, that he would not tell him;" and at last added, "that Mr. Power had no right to force his thoughts from him."

"True," said Granville, in his deciding voice; "Let the boy alone, if you please, Mr. Power; he is under my protection."

"Happy for him," said Spellman.

"Very likely," said Shaw, "yet he does not look remarkably happy, at this moment. Did you see how he rubbed his head, when Granville gave him that little rap just now. A delicate fag he will make.

"He must be delicate, indeed, and more delicate than I have any idea of, if he did not like *that*," said Spellman. "Is it possible, Frank, that you did not like *that*?"

Frank acknowledged he did not. Spellman repeated his astonishment, and Granville coolly looked at Frank for explanation.

Frank did not attempt to give any, and Granville went on playing without noticing him more. "You will never do at school, little gentleman, I can tell you, if you are not good humoured," said Cressingham.

"Never," said Granville.

"Good humoured," cried Lewis, "you will find Frank one of the best humoured boys you ever saw."

Granville looked at him, as much as to say, "Who asked your opinion?" and still went on playing. He lost the game, and Spellman was



again very much surprised, and questioned whether Lewis, who was the marker on the opposite side, had marked rightly. Frank was quite sure that Lewis had marked rightly, for he said he had seen him.

"How is this, Frank? I thought you were on my side," said Granville.

"So I was, and so I am," said Frank.

"Then why do you speak on the other side?" said Spellman.

"I speak the truth," said Frank, "without considering about sides."

"Very right, my little fellow," said Cressingham.

"But that will never do in this world, or at school," said Shaw.

Frank said he was sorry for it.

"Do not believe it," said Cressingham; "the truth will do at school and every where else, if you speak it properly."

"Pray see if I have cast this up right," said Spellman, turning to Frank. "Look, I noted down here the number of games at billiards which every body won this week past, and see what a prodigious number Mr. Granville won. It is quite surprising, is not it? Am not I right?"

No, there was an error in the casting up, which Frank corrected. "There should be a nine in place of this nought," said he.

"Frank is right," said Granville, going over the sum. "Thank you, Spellman. But Frank, you should not call it *nought*, you should say *ought*."

This Cressingham doubted. It was said, with what truth we know not, that all Cambridge scholars call the cipher *aught*, and all Oxford scholars call it *nought*. Shaw was intended for Oxford, Granville for Cambridge, and a dispute concerning aughts and noughts arose between them. They neither of them produced any decisive arguments, and both began to grow warm. Frank ran for Johnson's great dictionary, and looked for the two words in dispute, and he found that *aught* is there explained to mean *any thing*, and *nought* nothing; so that he was inclined to think he should call the cipher which means nothing, nought. But he did not this time speak till he was asked; when Granville turned to him and asked what Johnson decided? Frank read it, and Granville looked vexed, and said people were not obliged to submit to Johnson always.

Spellman had been going on the whole time, saying, "Granville's for aughts, I am for aughts—who is for aughts? What, Frank! you against Granville?"

"Yes," Frank acknowledged, and this time he spoke very modestly though steadily, that as far as he had heard, and as far as he could judge, he was for noughts.

"You, Sir, are for noughts too, I think, are not you?" said Granville, looking haughtily towards Lewis; Lewis said he was.

Shaw and Power were impatient to go on playing at billiards, and there the matter dropped for the present; but this slight difference about *aughts* and *noughts* had put Granville out of temper.

Spellman now perceiving that Granville was not pleased with Lewis, took every little opportunity he could find of saying something taunting against him, his school, and his schoolmaster. As there was no other boy present who was of the same school, Lewis had to defend himself alone, which he did with great spirit and good humour, till Spellman, vanquished, told him that one of the Miss Granvilles was waiting for him to play at chess, and Lewis left the billiard-table. As soon as he was gone, Spellman confessed he did not like him much ; it might be his fault, but he *could* not like him. " Why ? " asked Frank. To this he answered, that he could not tell what it was he did not like, but really he could not like him. If that was all, Frank did not care. Spellman, however, proceeded to attack him for being too good, rather *quizzish*—not like other people. Frank defended his friend with all his might. Shaw and Power, partly to provoke him, and partly for diversion, joined Spellman in ridiculing Lewis ; and Frank, far from giving way, became more zealous and eloquent. So eager was he in this cause, that he forgot every now and then his duty of marker for Granville ; Cressingham, however, noted whatever he omitted, and Granville never called upon Frank, or seemed to notice his omissions, but proudly continued playing and naming his own hits, without taking any part either in attack or defence.

When the game ended, Frank left half finished some sentence in praise of Lewis, and ran to his post to tell *how much* Granville had won.

" Pray go back and finish your sentence," said

Granville, putting him aside ; " we can do without you."

" I beg your pardon," said Frank, " but I was fighting for Lewis." " Lewis is obliged to you," said Granville.

" And I am sure you will not be angry with him," said Cressingham, " for defending his friend behind his back."

" Angry ! who is angry ?" said Granville. He laid down his cue, and began to twirl a billiard-ball round and round in silence. Shaw and Power now fell into a conversation about blacking for boots.

" But," said Spellman, pursuing Frank, and speaking, so that he was sure Granville heard what he was saying. " Do tell me, would you really rather go to Lewis's school, than with Mr. Granville ?"

" To be sure, I would," cried Frank.

" That *to be sure*, and the emphasis upon it, is not over and above civil," said Spellman, " in my humble opinion ; nor after all, over and above grateful."

" If it is uncivil, I am sorry for it, I did not mean to be uncivil," said Frank, looking towards Granville, whose face he could not see, but he saw the deep crimson colour of his ears. " Mr. Granville has been very kind to me ever since I came here, and I am sure I am very much obliged to him."

" Spellman, do let the boy alone, I cannot bear to have thanks forced from people," said Granville, looking up for a moment, and then spinning his billiard-ball with increased energy.

"He did *not* force my thanks from me. I hope, sir," said Frank, laying his hand upon Granville's arm, "that you don't think me ungrateful?"

"I do not think about it," said Granville, slightly shaking off his hand.

"Surely, you believe me to be sincere?" said Frank, in a very melancholy tone.

"Only a little too sincere," said Cressingham.

"Too sincere, that's impossible, surely," said Spellman.

"How could I do otherwise?" said Frank, appealing alternately to Cressingham and to Mr. Granville. "When Mr. Spellman asked me the direct question, of which I would rather go with, I could not answer him any thing but the plain truth."

"Who blames you?" said Granville, "not I, I am sure."

"No: but I was afraid you were angry with me, and you have been very kind to me, and I should be exceedingly sorry to displease you," said Frank, again putting his hand upon Granville's arm; and this time, Granville did not shake it off.

"Ah, I do not wonder," said Spellman, "that you are anxious not to displease him. When you go to school, you would be in a fine way indeed, without his protection!"

"I am not thinking of his protection—I do not want that," said Frank, indignantly, with an emphasis expressive of the contempt which he felt for Spellman's meanness. "I do not want his protection," repeated he.

"Then, you shall not have it," said Granville, thinking in the confusion of his anger, that the contempt was thrown upon his protection. "Henceforward you shall not have it;" and he walked away, followed officiously by Spellman. Frank stood looking after him, at a loss what to do next; and he laid his head down upon his hands on the billiard-table, to try to think.

"Never mind," said Cressingham, who stood beside him.

"But I must mind," said Frank; "for he has been very kind to me."

"And he will be so again, never mind; he will come to himself again. In the mean time, take my advice, whatever happens to you, never complain."

"That I should scorn to do," said Frank.

"You have a great deal of spirit, and I like you the better for it. But mind you keep your temper, my little lad; it may be tried, but do not give any hasty answers. Do not fly off from Granville."

"I fly off! I have no intention of flying off, I am sure," said Frank.

"Well, well, but what I mean is, you must bear a little injustice now and then."

"Must I," said Frank, "that's very hard, I have never been used to it."

"Hard or soft, it must be in this world, as you will find. Pray, is it quite settled, that you go to school with us?"

"Quite, quite settled," said Frank.

"Then I like you the better for defending your friend Lewis as you did."

Spellman here returned to say, that Mr. Granville was asking for Cressingham to settle about to-morrow's ride. Cressingham went away with Spellman, but turned back to say, in a low voice, to Frank,

"Take care you do not go and repeat to Lewis any of the things that were said against him."

"I will not—indeed I should never have thought of it," said Frank. "But thank you, I will follow all your good advice."

The next day, from Granville's morning face, Frank could not guess whether he was pleased or displeased; but he certainly was not familiar or kind to him as formerly. Spellman was more flattering even than usual, and seemingly in high favour. He asked permission for some of his relations, an aunt and a cousin of his, to see Bellombre this morning. It was permitted to strangers to walk in the grounds two days in the week, but this was not one of them; however, Granville obtained permission for Spellman's friends, and Spellman would not be of the riding party; he would stay at home to show the beauties of Bellombre to his relations, this was such a delight to him, as he said. In all this there was one, and but one thing that interested Frank; he was glad that the flatterer was not to be of their riding party. A very pleasant morning, and a delightful ride it was expected to be through the glen to the race-ground, where there were to be races, which Frank was particularly curious to see. But when the saddle-horses were brought to the door, and when the boys and gentlemen all began to mount, Frank

was panic struck ; he saw and said, " he feared there were not horses enough for all."

" Enough for you, as usual," said Granville, beckoning to his father's groom to bring forward the pony which Frank had usually ridden ; but there was no horse for Lewis.

Now, thought Frank, as Spellman stays at home, there is his horse surely for Lewis.

" Well, up with you, what are you fumbling about ?" said Shaw.

Lewis who knew what passed in his mind, came behind him and whispered, " do not say any thing, go without me. pray."

The groom fancying from the earnestness with which Frank had fixed his eyes on the horse, that there was something in his opinion wrong about stirrup or girths, altered them, and Granville dryly said,

" Come, all's right now, up with you, Frank if you please."

But Frank did not please. " Thank you, sir," said he, " but I would rather not go."

" Please yourself," said Granville, " only be sure you do so."

Frank repeated in a very gentle voice, but quite steadily, that he would rather stay at home.

" Take this horse back to the stable," was all that Granville said ; and mounting his own horse, he coolly gave some directions to Spellman, about sending one of his dogs after him, and rode off, without looking again at Frank. When they were thus left, Lewis was beginning to say, that he was very sorry, but Frank put his hand be-



fore Lewis's mouth, and stopped the word. "Do not say sorry, for I am glad; we shall be very happy together, and if Granville's angry for nothing, I can't help it. Come up with me to your room now, and give me your Epaminondas."

The manuscript was produced, and Frank rolled a large huge arm-chair to the table, and established himself in it, leaning on his elbows, frowning and looking, as he said, he fancied great critics always look, when they are reviewing. He made the author read his theme. His young brow unbending as he listened, he forgot to play the critic's part, and satisfied the author with what alone it is said, can satisfy an author, "large draughts of unqualified praise."

"Now, was not I right, Lewis," said Frank, "to stop the word *sorry* from coming out of your mouth? I am sure I have been happier this morning, than any morning since I came to Belombre."

---

BETWEEN sense and nonsense, talking and laughing, the hours passed so quickly, that they could hardly believe that it was luncheon time, when a servant came to summon them down stairs.

Frank and Lewis had made themselves general favourites, by their attentive, polite manners, and by their being always able to employ themselves, so that they were never burthensome to others, especially to the mistress of the house, as

idle schoolboys, in the holidays, always are. The ladies invited them to accompany them in a walk, which they were going to take in the park, and Frank was delighted to have the pleasure of a walk, in company with his mother, and Mary too. But as Mary was walking in form, with a Miss Granville on each side of her, and as his mother was listening, or talking to Lady Chepstow, there appeared little hope of her ever listening or talking to him. Frank soon grew tired of keeping in a line with them, or of marching in file, through narrow passes of the shrubberies.

"Come, Lewis, let us go on before," said Frank.

They went on, but in the midst of a lively conversation, Frank stopped short.

"What is the matter? What stops you?" said Lewis. "Don't you see those people, who are going round the Temple of Fame?" said Frank.

"Only Spellman's party, to whom he was to show the lions," said Lewis. "You know what showing the lions means now?"

Frank made no answer, but kept his eyes fixed, till the people, who were on the farthest side of the Temple, again became visible.

"It is Tom! Tom and his mother!" exclaimed Frank: "I thought I could not be mistaken, but I am very sorry I am right."

Lady Chepstow, and the sober walkers, having by this time reached the top of the hill, saw Spellman's party, and her Ladyship turned into another path to avoid them.

"We must give up the Temple of Fame, for

this morning," said she, "and take the lower walk. It is a terrible thing to have a *show-place*, where one is always exposed to meeting people."

They took the lower walk, and Frank hoped that they should never meet Tom and his foolish mother again.

That hope was vain. It was not Lady Chepstow's fault, she left them free course, and time to depart, but after pursuing the lower walk, and leaving the upper to Spellman and his party, and after making the grand tour of the park, she was compelled to meet them again at the lower gate, where, at the joining of the paths, full they stood before her. How they had managed to walk so slow was inconceivable, but so it was. Mrs. J. came forward, and was surprised and delighted, and delighted and surprised, to see Frank and his mother, and her Tom was so charmed too, she was sure, to see his friend Frank; he could not speak of course, but tucking his whip under his arm, he gave Frank such a shake of the hands, that Mary shrunk for him.

Why he is so overjoyed to see me, I do not know, thought Frank, withdrawing his squeezed hand, but I am sorry to see him, I am afraid this is ill-natured. I wonder he never asks for Felix. "You will be glad to hear, Tom, that Felix is quite well again," said he.

"Lord! so I suppose he is, *by this*, he has had time plenty. How long do you *stop* here?"

"I do not know," said Frank, "I suppose till your mother has done talking."

"But I ask you *how long* you are to be at Bellombre?"

"Some days, I believe."

"And do you go to school? And when, and where?" And a number of other questions, Tom abruptly asked, for now he seemed determined to talk to Frank, and he would have seized upon his arm, but that Frank retreated between the two Miss Granvilles, whom Tom dared not approach. Lady Chepstow had been obliged, as Frank heard her say, in a low voice, to the governess, to ask them in to rest, and take some refreshments, as they seemed friends of ——"

There her ladyship's voice was lost. "Of ours, perhaps," said Frank to himself. "What a mistake!"

Spellman kept up the mistake, however, by rejoicing as he did, to find that his aunt, (for Mrs. J. was his aunt,) and Tom, (for Tom was his cousin,) were so well acquainted with Frank and his mother; and it was so lucky, that they had the pleasure of meeting at Bellombre.

With Mrs. J. and her Tom, was her sister, a travelled lady, fresh from Italy, but who, by her travels, had only added new affectation to old vulgarity. In the course of half an hour, while they rested themselves, and took some refreshments, Lady Chepstow perceived her mistake, saw that Tom was no friend of Frank's, and that Mrs. J. was no favourite of his mother's.

Notwithstanding Mrs. J.'s admiration of every thing she saw at Bellombre, and her travelled sister's desire to see the cascade again, which had so much put her in mind of the *Acqua pen-*

dente, that fine fall of water in Italy, on which she had doated ; and though Mrs. J. declared, that she had actually bought a place in the neighbourhood of Bellombre, and was quite determined to settle there, Lady Chepstow showed no further disposition to cultivate their acquaintance. When their stay had been protracted to its utmost decent length, Spellman was quietly suffered to ring the bell for their carriage ; but as they were departing, he asked, and obtained permission for them to see the Italian pictures in the great drawing-room, and he extended that permission to showing them the whole house. As soon as they had left the room, Lady Chepstow observed, that Spellman was an excellent creature, but that really he had a sad horde of vulgar relations, with whom they must not be overrun.

One of the Miss Granvilles sat with Mary near the window, and from time to time looked out at the carriage, which waited long at the door. "Here's Horace, and the gentlemen, come back from their ride," said Miss Granville.

"Now, Mrs. J. is getting into her carriage," said Mary. A minute afterwards, Miss Granville came to her mother, and said, in French,

"Mamma, my brother is bringing back that boy."

"Oh, my dear, impossible ! he would not be so barbarous, either to me, or the boy."

"But I assure you, ma'am, I saw Spellman say something to Horace, and he touched the boy on the back with his whip, as he was getting up into the barouche seat, and took him down ;

there, the carriage has driven off, and without him!"

So Frank and Mary saw to their sorrow.

Horace came in, and whispered to his mother, something ending with, "Spellman did so wish it," to which she replied,

"You can refuse Spellman nothing, that is the truth, my dear Horace, and really I do not wonder at it, for Spellman is the most attached creature, has been ever so from his cradle."

"Tom will sleep in Spellman's room, ma'am, and shall be no trouble to you," said Granville.

"The boy will be miserable here, I am sure, but that is his affair, and yours, my dear Horace."

Miserable, and miserably awkward Tom looked, when he re-appeared in the drawing-room, during the trying five minutes, before dinner. He stuck close to his cousin Spellman's pocket, but Spellman forcibly took the beloved whip from his hands, and, bereft of that, Tom did not know what to do with his hands, and first one clenched, as if he was going to box with it, stopped his mouth needlessly; and when that hand was pulled down by fidgety Spellman, Tom took to buttoning and unbuttoning one and the same button of his waistcoat continually. Frank recollected his own trick of buttoning and unbuttoning the sleeve of his coat, when he was a child, and was glad he had cured himself of it. Now, good-naturedly pitying Tom, he once thought of speaking to him, but he guessed from what he had seen, that this would only in-

crease his embarrassment, or expose him to the danger of giving some gruff brutal answer.

Lady Chepstow, who, as she said afterwards, was really curious to hear the sound of Tom's voice, asked if he had been amused with the pictures, to which he answered, "I don't know."

Spellman, very judiciously, hauled him off into the antichamber to look at some picture which he had not seen, and which he was sure Tom must like.

When they were going to dinner, Lady Chepstow said to her son, as her eye glanced at Tom, "That young gentleman is under your protection?"

"And he shall have it," said Horace, taking Tom by the hand, and as he passed by Frank, he added, "unless he disdains it."

At dinner Tom was placed on one side of Mr. Granville, and Frank took his usual seat on the other side. All dinner-time the conversation, unhappily for Frank, turned upon the joys of the races which he had not seen. Tom could take some part in what was said; for though he had not been at the race to-day, he had seen races in his life often. Squire Rogers had taken him to the races last week; and with this superiority over Frank, and with the assistance of some, we dare not say how many glasses of wine, he got over his bashfulness famously. He talked of horses, he thought, almost as well as any body.

Frank did not hear all that was said; he only heard now and then, at the beginning and end of every sentence, the word *horse*—"Your horse," "my horse," "his horse."

Fond as Frank was of horses, he might have been a little tired during this dinner by hearing of nothing else.

But, in fact, Frank was thinking chiefly of Granville's altered manner towards him. Frank had been in hopes that his displeasure, of which he did not clearly know the cause, would have worn off, but it seemed to be coldly fixed. Frank, who was quite unused to a capricious or a jealous temper, who had never before seen the eye of kindness alter towards him, except in consequence of some fault of his own, now not only felt unhappy, but feared that he must have been to blame. This was what he was considering, when Tom, much elevated by the notice which had been taken of him, turned to him at the time of the dessert, and said, in an insulting tone,

"You do not eat, man—you don't drink, man—you don't speak, man; you seem to be *quite down at the mouth.*"

"Come, we must get up your spirits again," said Spellman, immediately offering to fill his glass; Frank drew it back, thanked him, but refused; adding that his spirits could do without wine.

"The English of which is, I suppose," said Shaw, "that he is not allowed to drink wine."

"True," whispered Spellman, loud enough for Frank to hear; "Tom tells me he is kept as tight as a drum at home."

"Not true!" cried Frank indignantly, "as you know, Tom."—Cressingham gave him a look that reminded him of his resolution to keep



his temper, whatever happened, and Frank, restraining his indignation, stopped short.

"It is not very honourable to listen to whispers in company, said Spellman.

"I did not listen, Mr. Spellman," replied Frank, in a carefully calm voice, "but you whispered so loudly that I could not help hearing you."

"Little pitchers, as mamma always says, have long ears," said Tom, laughing at this great effort of wit.

"Little pitcher," said Shaw, addressing Frank, "you look, methinks, as if you were too hot to hold."

"He only wants to be seasoned, said Cressingham, "and if I am not mistaken, he will stand the seasoning."

"That is to be proved," said Power. "Here is to you, cool Captain Drinkwater!"

"Captain Drinkwater's, cool Captain Drinkwater's good health!" Power, and Shaw, and Spellman, Tom, and all, insultingly drank.

Frank took this with the utmost good humour, but he was sorry that Granville did not, as formerly, say to Spellman, "Let the boy do as he pleases;" or to Shaw and Power, "Let him alone, if you please."

Tom, feeling himself backed and encouraged by others, and having an old envy of Frank, pursued his polite mode of questioning. "After all, pray why, Frank, were not you at the races this morning with the others?"

Before Frank could answer, Shaw answered for him—

"Because, as I understand, he quarrelled with his bread and butter."

"No," said Spellman, "only because he did not know on which side his bread was buttered."

"You have not hit it yet," said Cressingham, "and no wonder: it was a cause you would never think of, Spellman."

Spellman looked curious.

"Simply because he would not desert a friend when out of favour," said Cressingham.

Granville coloured, and casting his eyes down upon Frank, who was looking up anxiously in his face, moved a dish of cherries towards him.

"Do you wish for cherries?"

"No, thank you, sir."

There was a tremulous sound in Frank's voice, which touched Granville, but turning abruptly to the other side, he heaped Tom's plate with cherries, which Tom began to devour, saying, "More fool you!"

Granville, disgusted with Tom, turned back to Frank, but felt a bashful difficulty in recovering from his fit of ill-humour. On one side, he was ashamed that his friend should see his injustice; on the other, that his flatterer should think he gave up his dignity. He had said to Spellman in private, that he would make Frank feel the difference between having and not having his protection. From this resolution he fancied that he could not recede. His countenance, which had relaxed, again grew rigid; he turned away from Frank, and sunk into haughty silence.

Frank sighed once, but sighed no more. The ladies at last rose to leave the room, and Tom,

rising with a cherry in his hand, and another in his mouth, swallowed hastily and exclaimed, "I swallowed a stone! I don't know what other folk think, but I think cherries should have no stones."

When Frank followed the ladies into the drawing-room, he saw Mary and the Miss Granvilles in a recess at the farthest end of the room, with Mademoiselle de Cambrai, their governess.

Coffee came, and Frank and Lewis stood with the ladies, who were drinking coffee, but Frank's eyes turned anxiously towards the young party.

"They are capping verses, I believe," said Lady Chepstow.—"Young gentlemen, would you like to join them?"

"Like it! oh yes." Frank and Lewis thanked her ladyship, and joined them instantly.

"Quick as the needle to the magnet!" said Lady Chepstow—"not of the repellant class of schoolboy savages." Her ladyship walked to the recess, stood for some minutes listening to what was going on, and observed that Miss Mary was quite expert, and seemed to know a great deal of poetry. No, Mary knew very few verses, the Miss Granvilles knew a great many more.

Mademoiselle de Cambrai remarked, that it was not always those who know the greatest number, but those who could recollect the most quickly, who in this trial of skill would be likely to conquer. Lady Chepstow taking a rose from her bosom, put it into Mademoiselle de Cambrai's hand, to be given to the conqueror, whoever she or he might be. The contest went on briskly for one quarter of an hour, but in due time

letters grew scarce. Some people were put to their *p*'s and *q*'s, some were in straights for *r*'s, some for *c*'s; but, at last, unexpectedly, all were non-plus'd for a *D*. Such an easy letter!—Every body thought they had hundreds, yet could produce none to save their lives, till Frank, at the last gasp, cried—

“Die of a rose in aromatic pain.”

All the Miss Granvilles exclaimed, that they were angry with themselves for not having recollected this common easy line. It was like Columbus's egg, and a hundred other things, provokingly easy when found out. When the victor rose was presented to Frank, he doubted whether he fairly deserved it; for he acknowledged, that he had never read the line, and did not even know where it came from; he had only picked it up that morning, from having heard Mademoiselle de Cambrai repeat it; he added, that he believed it had been fixed in his memory by his surprise, on hearing a French lady pronounce English so well.

The gentlemen came into the drawing-room soon afterwards; Lady Chepstow said something to Frank's father, with which he seemed pleased, and Mary thought it was about Frank. Her ladyship beckoned to her son, and seemed to repeat the same thing, ending with the words, “so intelligent, and so well mannered.” Mary observing, that Mr. Granville turned coldly away, then thought, that his mother could not have been speaking of Frank. She next saw Spell-

man and Tom come in after the gentlemen. Tom regularly grew sulky the moment he came amongst *girls* or *women*. Mademoiselle de Cambrai not knowing this particularity, and seeing a young stranger looking forlorn, thought it civil to speak to him. But unluckily she took it for granted, that he had heard what every body was talking of; she, therefore, asked Tom, if he ever capped verses. Tom first looked angry at being spoken to, then upon the question being repeated, replied—

“I don’t know.”

Mademoiselle took the trouble to explain what she now imagined he had never heard of before; and Tom at last said,

“As if I didn’t know all that!—But I cap Latin—only girls cap English.”

Mademoiselle thus repulsed, retreated.

Lady Chepstow’s eye fell upon Tom’s vulgar figure, as he stood moving from leg to leg; and Spellman carried him off to a distance. Lady Chepstow then turning to her son, who stood by her, said, “I wish people would teach their children to speak and to stand, before one is expected to bear them.”

“It is only for a day or two, madam,” said her son, “and for me.”

“For Spellman, you mean, my dear Horace, any thing for you; but Spellman must not ask this again. Really your sisters are not used to see at Bellombre, such an uncommonly vulgar object.”

“Half of it is bashfulness, ma’am, for which you make no allowance.”

"And for which, no wonder, you make too much, my dear Horace; but, thank heaven, there is some difference between plebeian and aristocratic *mauvaise honte*."

With this thanksgiving, Lady Chepstow melted away. Her excessive severity against faults of manner, in Tom; and her exaggerated encomium on what deserved but slight praise in Frank, confirmed her son in his obstinate wish to see the one abased, and to raise the other by his protection. He knew that Shaw was prepared to quiz Frank, and in the noble art of quizzing, Shaw was, for his age, a distinguished proficient. There was one point on which Frank, in common with most boys, who have been bred at home, and happy at home, are uncommonly tender, and apt to lay themselves open to ridicule. He was disposed to think, that what he had seen or done in his own family was better than what could be seen or done any where else. Lewis had warned him not to talk of home at Bellombre, and Frank thought he had been particularly guarded on this subject, but it was a topic to which he involuntarily recurred. He was at this instant talking away to Mademoiselle de Cambrai, who had won his confidence, and who was questioning him, with sincere interest, concerning all he did at home. Shaw posted himself beside her, and listened with a mock interest, by which Frank, unused to irony, or what is called *persiflage*, was deceived.—When Mademoiselle de Cambrai rose to retire with the young ladies; the eldest Miss Granville was permitted to stay, to play at chess with Lewis—a favour

which excited no small envy. Frank and his friend were one in the opinion of this little public, and he shared the stroke of envy. Shaw carried him off to the billiard-room; but there was to be no billiards this night, for Power had broken his thumb. Granville took up a book, Cressingham did the same; and Shaw, apparently, in a most good-natured manner, went on talking to Frank, whom he said he had never known really well till now.

"So I find," continued he, "that this Tom was quite wrong in telling us you were kept as tight as a drum at home—what were you saying to Mademoiselle de Cambrai? Do tell me more of your ways of going on in your own family."

This was to Frank an irresistible temptation. Shaw led him on from one thing to another, while Power and Tom joined them to listen. Frank believed that Shaw was really as much interested as he pretended to be; and he went on for some time without suspicion, till at last, when he stopped to take breath, Shaw, in a voice which he now perceived to be the tone of mockery, began to sum up all he had heard for the derision of the by-standers.

"So," said he, "let me count how many trades you are to have;" he counted them upon his fingers: "you are to be a cobbler, and a carpenter, and a turner, and a tanner, a basket-maker, and a bricklayer, a surveyor, an astronomer royal, AND a tallow-chandler."

"Jack of all trades, and master of none," said Power.

" You are to learn Virgil from your gardener, and spinning from darling Mrs. Wheeler ; and what are you to learn from the other charming old woman, dear Mrs. Catherine ?"

" Boxing, I suppose," said Tom, bursting into a horse-laugh.

" The most useful of all," said Power, " the only useful thing he has learnt for school."

" How can you say so ?" cried Shaw, in his ironical tone. " Don't you know, that Frank, the incomparable, has been preparing for school for this last year, and that best of friends, Lewis, and his papa, and his engineer, and his colonel, have all been helping ; strange indeed if he were not preciously prepared."

" Ay, ay, prepared for Lewis's model-school may be," said Power, " but he will soon see the difference."

" Beg your pardon, Power," said Shaw, " depend upon it, we shall see the difference between him and all other boys, that ever were bred or born," and Shaw sung from Midas,

" Cock of the school,  
He bears despotic rule !"

In this style they went on for some time. Frank took the jest, all unprepared as he was, very well, and stood being their laughing-stock steadily enough, for some time, even to Cressingham's satisfaction, and to Granville's surprise. Cressingham looked up often from his book, to mark how it was going on with Frank ; and frequently and hastily turned over a new leaf.



Granville did not move his eyes from his book, but never turned over the page.

The jest was carried on too far and too long ; and presently Power audaciously asserted, that all Frank had ever learned was stuff and nonsense, that all that had been done for him had been ill done ; and that it was a shame his father and mother had not more sense than to make such a fool of a boy.

Power pronounced, that Frank would be the butt of the whole school, to whatever school he went ; and with Power, Shaw, Spellman, and delighted Tom, loudly joined in full cry.

Imagine Frank's astonishment ; the confusion into which all his ideas and feelings were thrown, when thus, for the first time in his existence, he heard every thing questioned, which he thought unquestionable, every thing he had been taught to respect, every person he held dear, turned into ridicule. If it had not been for the surprise into which he was thrown by these questions, he knew he could easily have answered them. The attacks he did not know how to parry, because he was assailed on subjects which seemed to him to require no defence, or which he had deemed invulnerable. He was attacked, on so many points at once, that he ran backwards and forwards, and to opposite sides, and before he knew where he was, or which was feint, or which was real war, he heard the shout of victory, and found himself trampled upon by the meanest of the enemy, even by Tom.

" I may go to bed now," said Tom, " Frank has not a word to say for himself. I believe he

is going to cry for papa and mamma, as he did for the horse."

"You meanest of creatures!" exclaimed Frank, his eyes flashing indignation.

"Hey-day!" cried Granville in a loud voice, putting down his book.

Frank saw his enemies encompassing him. Shaw with hand on hip, and with his provoking air and insolent tone. Spellman, with his mean smile and perfidious pity. Tom making his vulgar grimaces behind backs, and Power full in front, Colossus-like, stood bullying.

Thoughts of vengeance rose in Frank's soul as he looked upon them—thoughts of oversetting Power, boxing Shaw, kicking Spellman, and turning Tom out of the room. But, as his hand rose, and his foot stepped forward, he saw Cressingham's eye upon him; his promise to keep his temper smote him.

He rushed between Tom and Spellman, made his way through the crowd, ran out, gained his own room, and bolted the door. His agitation was great. He threw himself face downwards on the bed; he struggled; he swallowed; he conquered. He shed not a tear. In a few minutes some one knocked at the door. "Who is there?" said Frank.

He was answered, "a friend." But it was Spellman's voice, and Frank replied, "that he could not let him in."

"I've brought you a candle," said Spellman.

"I do not want one," said Frank.

"He is crying," said another voice, which he

knew to be Tom's. Frank flung open the door directly, wide as the brazen hinges could fly.

"I thought you were crying," said Tom.

"You thought wrong," answered Frank.

"I went to your mother's room first, I thought you were there, complaining of us," said Spellman.

"You see you were mistaken," said Frank, holding the door against them.

"But I have something to say to you," said Spellman, in a fawning tone.

"I have nothing to say to you," said Frank, closing the door.

They lingered for some minutes, till they heard his mother coming along the gallery, and then quickly retreated. Frank went out to meet her, and said,

"Mother, I cannot come, do not ask me any questions, good night."

"Good night, my dear Frank," said she, "I ask no questions; I have the most perfect confidence in you."

Spellman stayed to listen, he must have been vexed to have heard only these words. From a few remarks he had caught in going through the billiard-room, Lewis had a general guess at what had been passing, and hearing Frank give his mother this answer, he retired to his own room, without going near him.

Frank lay awake, nearly two hours, which, at his age, seems a prodigious length of time, really the whole night. He thought over all that had passed, perceived the answers he should have given, wondered they had never occurred

to him at the right moment, and in the midst of an eloquent reply, such as he was determined to make next time to Shaw and Power, he at last fell asleep.

---

AFTER some hours sound sleep, Frank wakened in the morning, and stretching himself, recollected that something painful had happened the preceding evening. As he put back the curtain, he saw Lewis sitting in the room reading, waiting till he wakened. Lewis told him, that though he did not know the particulars of what had passed yesterday evening, he had learned, in general, that Frank had been talking a great deal of his own home, and that Shaw had been laughing at him, and quizzing him.

"I remember," said Lewis, "the first time I left my own family, I was quite surprised, just as you are, at finding things different from what I had been used to, I thought that nothing could be so well done as at home, and I said so upon every occasion ; I was laughed at for this, and then I learned to keep my thoughts to myself."

"So will I next time," said Frank.

"And when I found," continued Lewis, "that nobody cared what I did at home, I left off talking about it."

"But," said Frank, "Shaw made me believe he did care about it, and that led me on last night, and made me forget your advice ; he deceived me—he cheated me, only to laugh at me, afterwards."

“That kind of cheating is called quizzing, by men and schoolboys,” said Lewis, “and is thought a good joke, and very witty.”

“I see no wit in it,” said Frank, his anger again rising, at the recollection of his having been laughed at; “but the joke cannot do again, because now I know that people mean to deceive me, I shall not be taken in another time. ‘Once to deceive be his, but twice were mine.’”

“Cressingham told me,” said Lewis, “that you got through it very well, considering it was the first time of quizzing.”

“The first time! I hope it will be the last,” said Frank.

“Oh, do not flatter yourself with that hope, my dear Frank,” said Lewis.

“What! Is this to go on for ever?” said Frank. “If they laugh at me continually in this way, at school, I am afraid I shall be very unhappy.”

“That you will, indeed, my dear Frank, if you mind such things,” said Lewis. “If once the boys find that they can vex you, by laughing, you will have no peace, they will only laugh the more. I remember hearing a story of a boy, who was afterwards a very celebrated man, whose hair had been shaved off in some illness, and who was forced to wear a wig when he first went to school; and his schoolfellows plagued him perpetually pulling it off, till he began to laugh at it himself, and snatching it off his head one day, he threw it up to the ceiling, and was the first to kick it about; from that time they never laughed at him. I recollected this for my own

benefit, when first I went to school ; I don't mean that I had a wig, but I happened to have a brown hat, when all the other boys had black hats, and they ridiculed me for my brown hat, till I laughed at it myself, and then, when they found they could not vex me, they let me and my hat alone."

"That was well done of you," said Frank, "and I will remember the hat and wig, if I can, the next time I am laughed at. But, Lewis, though this will do for trifles, it will not do when we come to be serious."

"But you must not be serious, you take the matter too gravely," said Lewis.

"Indeed, I think it grew serious," said Frank, "when they said, that all that had ever been taught me, was quite wrong."

"Pooh! what signifies what they say," cried Lewis, "Can their saying it is wrong, make it so!"

"Certainly not!" said Frank, "if they had given me any reasons, I could have answered them, but they only said the same thing over and over again. And when it came to laughing at me for loving my mother so much—my dear Lewis, I could not get out a word, I had so much to say, and I felt ———"

"Oh, you felt too much, a great deal, about it. You are not used to quizzing schoolboys," said Lewis.

"What I felt most of all, was Mr. Granville's unkindness, in not saying a word to help me," said Frank.

"I think he was very illnaturated," said Lewis.

"Oh, my dear Lewis," continued Frank, "the more I see and feel, the more I am sorry that I am not to go to school with you, for with you I should have a good friend, who would advise me in every difficulty."

Lewis was exceedingly sorry too, that he could not have Frank ; but since it could not be, it was in vain to regret it.

"I see Granville is so capricious, I cannot understand him," said Frank. "He will never be satisfied unless I flatter him, and I never will flatter him. He wants to show me, I believe, that I cannot do without his protection."

"Just so," said Lewis, "and do you show him that you can. He will respect you, and like you the better for it ; at all events, I am sure Cressingham will be a good friend to you ; and I say to you, as he did, 'keep your temper, and I will stand by you.' And as to school, do not be afraid of the quizzing, either for trifles or serious things, remember you may always have fair laugh for laugh, or fair reason for reason, or fair boxing for boxing."

"Fair boxing ! oh, that is what I want to come to," said Frank. "I must learn how to box. You must teach me."

"You will learn it easily, that is, when you have been beat half a dozen times," said Lewis, laughing, "but you cannot begin to learn it this minute. Finish dressing yourself, for the breakfast-bell has rung. All you have to do here, is to go on as you have begun. Do not let them put you out of humour."

"I will not, if I can possibly help it," said

Frank, "but Power is so rough and Shaw is so teasing, and Spellman is so mean, and Tom, now he has jumped out of his bashfulness, is so impudent."

"True, but never mind all that," said Lewis. "You have only a few days more to spend with them, and it signifies little what they think of you, or your education, or your father and mother. And as to Granville, if he does not behave well to you, depend upon it, your father is attending to all that goes on, and he will see it without your complaining."

Fortified in this manner by his good friend Lewis's advice, Frank did keep up his spirits, did not mind their foolish laughing at him, and was steady in his own right way. In vain Shaw and Power teased and *quizzed* him; he took it all in good part, and with great good humour. One trial he had, which it was indeed hard to stand, particularly as it was on a point the right and wrong of which he had not determined to his own satisfaction. By what he had accidentally heard from Shaw and Power, he was afraid he should not know how to make honour and good-nature to his schoolfellows always agree with his obedience to his masters and with truth.

One day, he chanced to come into the room, when Messrs. Shaw and Power, and some of the young people, were talking together very eagerly, but all the voices ceased the moment he entered; he heard only from Shaw the words, "the boat!" and "Hush! here's Frank coming."



"And what harm shall I do you?" said Frank.

"I don't know," said Tom, "but I know I would not trust you."

"Not trust me?" said Frank, "that is very unjust."

"That's like him," cried Power, "always talking of injustice, as if any body cared what he thinks unjust—a little hop-o'-my-thumb like him."

"My being little has nothing to do with the business," said Frank; "but since you don't like to go on with what you were saying before me, I will go away."

"O let him stay," said one of Shaw's sisters, a pretty young lady, who was present; "he will do no harm."

"Only he tells his mamma every thing he sees and hears," said Shaw; "you know he acknowledges he does not rightly understand *our* points of honour; and I will engage that he cannot keep a secret."

"I understand what I think honourable," said Frank, "and I can keep a secret as well as any body, when I choose it; but I don't want to know yours, so I shall go away."

"Ho, ho! grandissimo!" cried Shaw, setting his back against the door to prevent Frank from going out. "Stay, now: pray now, you, who know every thing, do you know how to make good excuses for a friend in need? For I assure you that's part of the business of a fag at school; else how could he keep his master's

secrets? Come, try your skill, let us see what sort of an excuse you can make. Suppose now thus: I have gone down to the boat and nobody is to know it, you understand, and you are asked where I am gone"—

"I cannot tell a lie, if that's what you mean," said Frank.

"Ah, you see," said Tom, "didn't I tell you, didn't I know him?"

"If my fag were to give me such an answer at school," said Power, "I'd soon settle him, that's certain."

"One comfort is I am never to be your fag," said Frank.

"You cannot conceive, then, that there may be a difference," said Shaw, "between telling a fib to save your friend when he asks you, and a lie to save yourself?"

"I know there is some difference," said Frank.

"But," said Shaw, "you would not save your friend—is that it? You would not stick to him, you would betray him."

"That I am sure I never should," cried Frank: "I never shall betray any body."

"But if you always tell the truth you must."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Shaw; you only want to puzzle me. I will never betray any body, but I will always tell the truth, and that is all I have to say, so let me go."

"Here is our boatmen," said Power. "We shall have better sport now than plaguing this foolish boy;" and Shaw opening the door, Frank ran off, seized his hat, and darted out, hoping

to have a pleasant walk with Lewis ; but as he ran down the sloping lawn, Shaw called to him, and, on his turning back, said,

“ Remember, my little man, you said you could keep a secret ; don’t say any thing to any body, if you guess what we are going to do.”

“ Not unless I am asked,” answered Frank.

“ And if you are asked, cannot you say you don’t know ?”

“ No, I cannot, because I heard some of you say the word *boat*, and I guess what you are going to do.”

Shaw muttered something like an oath ; Frank did not stay to hear it, but ran down the sloping lawn to the river side, where he expected to find Lewis. As he went on in search of him he met two boatmen, who, talking to each other, said, “ There is coming on a squall ; if these young chaps go out without us they will repent it.”

“ True ; I shall go in and smoke my pipe with you at the lodge,” answered the other.

Frank could not find Lewis, but he pursued his walk alone through a grove to a high bank, from which, between the trees, he could see the river, and presently he saw a little pleasure-boat coming along with several people in it, Shaw, and Power, and Tom rowing. Two ladies were in the boat, two Miss Shaws, who were very fond of being in every adventure and party of pleasure, or, as Shaw said, were up to any thing. Lady Chepstow had forbid the using of this boat, which even her lord said was a dangerous little cockle-shell. The boatman’s prophecy

was not accomplished ; no squall arose, but by their own awkwardness, by Power's obstinacy, as Shaw said—or by Shaw's conceit, as Power would have it, they ran the boat too near shore ; then shoving her off again, they tilted her so much, that the ladies, terrified, caught at some branches of trees which hung over the spot ; and to these they clung screaming, while the boat went from under their feet. The branches to which they hung stretched to a great distance from land. The boat overset ; Power and Shaw were plunged into the water. Tom, at the first symptom of danger, jumped on shore. Frank ran down the bank ; his first thought was to call the boatmen, but he saw the imminent danger of one of the ladies, who, clinging as she was to a weak bough, seemed weighed down by her cloak, the hood of which had filled with water. Frank threw off his coat, and knowing well how to swim, swam round till he got opposite to her, untied the cloak, and the moment she was freed from its weight she rose again. By this time Shaw and Power had swam and scrambled to the bank, from which Power would not again stir, but he held out an oar, which was of some service. Shaw, seeing his sisters' peril, swam to their assistance, while Frank, regaining the bank, ran to the porter's lodge for the boatmen. Tom, to whom he had repeatedly called, begging him to go for them, stood quite disabled or obstinate. The boatmen came, the two ladies were released from their perilous situation, and brought safely to land. All drenched and fatigued as they were, they had to walk home a mile by a back way to

avoid being seen from the windows of the house. No sooner did the ladies recover from one danger than, in the midst of their gratitude to Frank, fears of another nature rose, and Shaw whispered, "He will never be able to refrain from boasting how finely he has saved you." Frank took no notice of these whispers, but went home, took off his wet clothes, gave them to Shaw to have them dried with his own, re-appeared in the drawing-room, and never said one word of their adventure. No questions were asked him : he left the rest of the party to say what they pleased for themselves, and despised them for the false excuses they made. One of the Miss Shaws, who had been too much drenched to re-appear this evening, sent word that she had gone to bed ill with a headach, and her sister, who, as most people said, had great sensibility, stayed to nurse her. Stupid Power, half asleep, when called to billiards, let out something of his arms being too much tired with rowing. The word *rowing* caught Lady Chepstow's ear, and, turning, she immediately asked who talked of rowing.

"Power talked of it, ma'am, in his sleep," said Shaw ; "I suppose he was dreaming of rowing." "But," added Spellman, in his courtly tone, "he never would dream of disobeying your ladyship's orders, I am sure."

"Frank looks very guilty," said Lady Chepstow.

"Perhaps I look guilty, but I am innocent," said Frank.

"Have you been out in the boat, Frank?" said Lady Chepstow, eagerly.

"I have not, I assure you, ma'am," said Frank, and he quietly went on with his game of draughts.

But Lady Chepstow, following the hint which Mr. Power had let out, rang for her own man, and sent him with such instructions and such silver tokens to the boatmen, as soon put her in possession of the principal fact, that a party had been out in the boat; this, indeed, could not be denied, from the place in which it was found by the servant, at a considerable distance from its natural home in the boat-house.

Lady Chepstow now said that she had a beautiful new boat, which she had intended the young gentlemen should have had the pleasure of launching the next day; but she declared she never would permit this boat to be launched by them, till the mystery was cleared up by some one of the company, concerning the boating-party of this morning. "And," added her ladyship, "whoever clears it up shall have the launching of the boat. Frank, what say you?"

"I say nothing, madam," said Frank.

Power and Shaw, as soon as Lady Chepstow was out of hearing, observed that they did not care, as they should go away so soon, and they had had boating enough for this season.

Frank was exceedingly sorry to give up boating in the new boat: it would have been a pleasure, and the launching, it would have been glorious; but he was steady. Never by word, or look, or sigh, did he betray them; and without departing in the slightest degree from the truth,

he kept their secret. He refrained from claiming the honour of having saved the ladies, and never told what he had done to his father, mother, or Mary.

The ladies were satisfied and surprised by his secrecy. Power acknowledged that the little fellow had shown he was no tell-tale. But Shaw, in his depreciating tone, said only, "It was lucky I warned him well before-hand of the danger of blabbing."

Frank thought this the unkindest cut of all. But his own conscience was satisfied, and that was enough. The steadiness with which he stood this trial, made them all respect him, and the good-humour which he showed when they laughed at or plagued him, conquered all but Shaw. Power said he would let him alone now he found that he was a noun substantive and could stand by himself. And Shaw, the day he left Bellombre, was heard to observe that Frank was sharp enough; so that really it began, he said, to be diamond cut diamond between them.

"How glad you must be that I am going away!" said Shaw, as he stepped into the carriage after his father.

"Glad! no," said Frank, "you never did me any harm; you have done me a great deal of good—you have cured me of minding your wit."

The more Granville perceived that his little protégé could do without his protection, the more his attention was fixed upon him; and several circumstances soon contributed to raise Frank still higher in his esteem.

The day on which Mr. Shaw and his son left

Bellombre, there came in their place a naval officer, a well-informed gentleman, who had seen many different parts of the world ; in China, in India, in Russia, and in the north seas, he related in an entertaining manner, what he had seen or heard ; and Frank, eager for knowledge, listened to him with the greatest attention.

Parts of various books of voyages and travels which Frank had read, supplied him with such general information on these subjects, that he was able to comprehend, and take a lively interest in all that he now heard.

The conversation turned on an expedition to the North Pole, which was at this time setting out.

Our captain spoke of the former voyage of Commodore Phipps, of the wonderful exertions which he and his men had made to save themselves from being destroyed by the drifting masses of ice. Of the dock which he scooped out in the solid rock for his vessels. Of the manner in which, with their poles, they pushed away the masses of ice. Of the joy with which they effected their deliverance, and saw land again from the mast-head. Of the pleasure with which, when they felt themselves out of danger, they looked upon the various forms of the broken ice, they had sailed through. In particular, one magnificent arch through which a sloop might have sailed without lowering her mast.

Frank longed to hear him speak of the people who first discovered Spitzbergen—of the three ships and the sailors who were frozen up, and who were found long afterwards by the wander-



ing Laplanders ; but our captain did not go back to those old times, and as he was a stranger, Frank did not venture to ask him any questions. He listened in silence. He had now learned discretion enough never to attempt to display his little knowledge. His pleasure was now in adding to his stock. But the captain, whose eye was caught by Frank's intelligent countenance, and who observed the extreme attention, with which he continued to listen, sometimes turned to him, and told him such anecdotes, as he thought suited to his age. In particular, he mentioned, that in the Expedition, which was now fitting out for the North Pole, "some kind-hearted person, a stranger to Captain Parry, sent to offer him fifty pounds, for the purchase of any thing which might amuse the crews of his ships during the ensuing winter.—A magic lantern was the thing chosen, whose scenes might entertain them with views of different countries, or remind them of their own, and thus furnish them with a sort of home, while they were lingering on the shores of the Polar sea."

Frank very much liked this idea ; and the company began to entertain themselves, with considering what pictures they would have put on the different slides of the magic lantern. One said, London-Bridge, with carriages and passengers. Another, the London cries. Another, a rowing-match on the Thames. Great variety was suggested ; at last, Frank was called upon by the officer to furnish a slide. He recollected a scene which he thought would divert the

sailors ; but he was not sure whether it would do, whether it would be possible to represent it.

“ Tell it to us, my little fellow, and we will try and help you out.”

“ You were speaking of Phipps’s voyage, Sir ; do you remember the Captain, who was too fat to run, but who was such a coward, that he did one day run away fast enough, and too fast, from the bears ; he dropped his gun, and stumbled against the nest of a goose, who was sitting on her eggs ; then was attacked by an enraged gander, who flew about his head, and pecked at his nose ; and was at last saved from gander and bears by his sailors firing for him just in time.”

Some of the company laughed at this story, and applauded Frank’s proposal ; others thought it impracticable ; others wished to see exactly what was said about it in the book, and Power was pretty sure it could not be true, and that Frank had either mistaken about the goose, or that he had *embroidered*, a cant expression, meaning that he had exaggerated. Frank did not know what was meant by his *embroidering* a goose : which ignorance of his *embroidering* exposed him to much derision from Tom, who laughed as much as he dared to laugh in comparison, with both hands stopping his mouth, and slipping down to hide his head under the table. Lewis went to look for Phipps’s voyage in the library ; and Granville—yes, Granville himself—rose to show him where it was. But, before C. Granville, to whom Lewis resigned the book, could find the passage in the quarto volume, Miss Granville, with Mary’s assistance, found in a little book of hers, “ Winter

Evenings, or Tales of Travellers," 3d volume, in the "Adventures in the Arctic Ocean," the anecdote to which Frank alluded; and it was read aloud by Cressingham.

"The captain endeavoured to follow his men, but, unfortunately, he was very fat, and consequently, running did not suit him, and he was soon quite out of breath. He saw, that the bear, which came in the water, had just reached the shore, and now he thought of nothing but of becoming the prey of this formidable animal. His hair stood on end. He looked behind him, and saw the bear but a little way off, advancing with his nose in the air, as if he was snuffing the scent."

"But not a word about the goosa or her nest," said Power.

"Read on," said Granville.

"Just at this moment, the captain unfortunately dropped his gun; and stooping to pick it up again, he stumbled against the nest of a goose, who was sitting on her eggs, and down he fell flat. He had hardly time to get up again, before the enraged gander flew to the assistance of the half-smothered goose; he darted at the eyes of the officer, but luckily missed his aim, and only injured the poor man's nose. The gander prepared for a second attack, which might have had worse consequences, if the sailors, seeing their commander so beset, had not come to his relief."

Lady Chepstow observed, that Frank had remembered and stated the facts quite accurately. This time Granville did not listen with his former coldness to his mother's approbation, but smiled

when she added, in a whisper, "I always told you, Horace, that *this* protégé of yours would do you credit."

Frank's mother observed, with pleasure, that upon this occasion he said no more than just the thing he ought, and that he was not thinking of attracting notice, but quite intent upon acquiring fresh knowledge from the naval officer, who was now so kind as to talk to him.

Tom, from the beginning of this conversation, had become uneasy in his chair, and in the progress of it had fidgeted continually, and fiddled with every thing within his reach, and made such teasing noises with every thing he touched, that Lady Chepstow looked as if she could not endure it any longer. He now relieved her ladyship, by darting out of the room. He fled, seized with a panic fear that *his turn would come next*, that the officer might put to him some posing question, or perhaps might ask him for a slide in the lantern. His fears were groundless, that gentleman never once thought of him, but Tom fled as if he had been pursued by the bears, nor stopped till he found himself safe in Spellman's room.

Power next withdrew himself, and having stretched and yawned long and loud, pronounced, that in his humble opinion, though that navy fellow was a relation of Lord Chepstow's, he talked too much, and for his part he declared he could not pretend to follow him. Indeed, it would have been a vain effort, for he was so ignorant, that if report say true, he was found at a map searching for Spitzbergen somewhere near Spit-

head, and afterward at Bergen-op-zoom. When Lewis endeavoured to set him right without exposing his almost incredible ignorance, he, with a foolish taunt, said he was obliged to him, he did not set up for understanding geography, and such things, as well as surveyors and engineers, and professional people must. If he had been the son of a surveyor or an engineer, he should, he supposed, know better; but his father would buy for him a fine set of maps the first opportunity, and then he would sit down some morning and *take-to* geography, that is to say, as much as was necessary for a gentleman; but he never intended to make a pedant of himself. It was quite pedantic, as he *voted*, to be too accurate about names of places, and so forth. There were some things, of which he owned he was ignorant; and he thanked heaven for it.

"What," said Lewis, "do you thank heaven for your ignorance?"

"And if I do, sir," said Power, fiercely, "what have you to say to that, pray?"

"Nothing," answered Lewis, "but that you have certainly a great deal to thank heaven for."

"Very fair!" said Granville.

Mr. Power's ignorance of every thing but Latin, had often been complained of by his father, who attributed it to some fault in his school; but perhaps it had been also the fault of his home, where he had acquired the notion, that wealth will supply all deficiencies, and that a gentleman of fortune must command respect, and can purchase all the information he needs.

Frank was glad to hear the strong tone in which Granville pronounced the words, "Very fair!" and he was still more glad, when Granville repeated,

"Very good, Lewis."

Granville's frozen manner towards Frank was thawing, but it had not quite got rid of its stiffness. Spellman watched him, saw this change, and returned to his former appearance of good nature; but Frank kept at a distance from him, and retired as much as he could from his civilities.

He saw Tom and Spellman conferring together one day, and by what they said to each other, they seemed desirous to attract his attention.

"I told you," said Spellman, "that you were very rude that first night, and you ought to say you were very sorry, as I am sure you are."

No answer from Tom.

"Tom, how can you expect that any one will do you a favour, if you are not commonly civil?" pursued Spellman. "Remember, I tell you, you have missed your best time for asking."

"My mother should have asked, when I desired her;" was all Tom's reply.

"But he is so good-natured," said Spellman, "you had better ask him now, or let me ask him, do; or get his friend, Lewis, to ask him. I am sure he would do it. But if you put it off, Tom, I give you up."

"I'll ask when I please," said Tom, "or not at all."

Frank, perceiving that he was the person from whom something was to be asked, was tempted to inquire what it was, but he did not like Spellman's mean, indirect way of proceeding, and he determined first to consult Lewis, who advised him to say nothing, but to let Tom take his own way, and either plainly make his request, whatever it might be, or let it alone.

---

THERE was at Bellombre a walk, which they called the Midsummer walk; it was shaded with lime trees, which arched over head, so as to be impenetrable to the rays of the sun; it was straight, and very long: at one end of it was a pleasant summer-house, at the other, it opened to a smooth shaven lawn, which had in former times been called the bowling-green, and which was used by the young people at this day for nine-pins and other sports.

One hot day, Frank, Power, Tom, Spellman, with some others, were playing at nine-pins there, when Frank saw his mother pass with a book in her hand, towards the Midsummer walk. He had a great mind to follow her, but it was his turn to play next. He was called upon, and he went on with his game, saying to himself, that as soon as this game was finished, he would follow his mother, and cool himself in the shade, for he had heated himself, running to set up the nine-pins for every body; but before this game was ended, a servant came running to them out of breath.

"Gentlemen! there is a mad dog in the grounds, my lady desires you will run in directly." Instantly they all ran towards the garden door, which was opposite to them, and which was the nearest place of safety; the dog appeared, pursued by men with pitchforks; the boys reached the garden-door, and were safe, all but Frank, who recollecting his mother, instead of following his companions, ran down the Midsummer walk to call her. He saw her at a distance, he ran as fast as possible; he called as loud as ever he could call, but she did not hear him; her back was towards him. As he ran, he heard the shouts of the men coming nearer and nearer. Once he looked back—he saw the dog making straight for the walk on which he was running. All power went out of his knees, but remembering his mother, he struggled on; he could hardly drag his heavy legs after him, and though he ran fast, he felt as if he could not get on.

"Mother, mother—oh, mother!" he called loud and louder, but in vain; his voice was gone, but he heard the men calling, "a mad dog—a mad dog—out of the way—out of the way!" Frank made a last effort, his mother heard, and turned: he reached, seized, dragged her on to the summer-house, flung back the door, and, quite exhausted, fell senseless on the ground.

When he came to himself, he did not know where he was, or what had happened. His head was lying on his mother's shoulder, and he heard her tender voice, saying, "He is coming to himself."

"What is the matter?" Frank asked, as he



raised himself up, and looked round. He saw that he was in the hall at Bellombre, and that his mother and Mr. Granville were there.

"You feel better now, my dear Frank," said his mother.

"Very well, thank you, mamma.—Only some odd prickly feeling."

He saw that Granville had a glass of water in his hand, and he felt drops of water on his face.

"How comes this?" said he.

"You fainted, my dear," said his mother.

"Did I," said Frank, "how came that?"

"You ran too fast, my dear, for me. Are you better now?"

"I am quite well, mamma," repeated Frank, fixing his eyes on Granville. "But how very kind you look!"

"Drink what your mother is giving you, my dear boy," said Granville.

"*Dear boy!*" repeated Frank to himself; putting away the glass of hartshorn and water, he said, "Thank you, mamma, why should I drink that horrible stuff? I do not want it. I am really quite well now. What became of the dog? did he bite any body?"

"No; every body is safe, you saved your mother, the dog is shot," said Granville, "and you are a noble little fellow."

"Now go to your own room, and rest yourself," said his mother.

Frank went, and Granville followed him.

In a few minutes Spellman came to inquire how Frank did, but the door was not opened to him;

when Lewis came, Granville admitted him, and retired saying,

He is an older friend, I acknowledge, perhaps a better ; but, Frank," added he, as he left the room, "if ever again you are surprised at my being kind to you, it shall be your fault, not mine."

Granville, in spite of his outward cold manner, had a warm heart, and Frank had quite won it, quite conquered him, by the proof of affection he had given to his mother, not in words but deeds. He was particularly pleased by Frank's perfect simplicity.

"It was plain he did not think he had done any thing extraordinary ; he did not want to have it talked of," said Granville, in giving an account of what had passed to Cressingham. "No fallal sentimental nonsense about it. The mother did not say a word too much, and the boy thought nothing of it. I like her, and I love Frank, a noble little fellow. I am glad I am to have him at school. Any one might be proud of him."

This was a vast deal for Granville to say, and to say at once. Cressingham, turning to Spellman, who was standing listening ; "you look wonderfully surprised, Mr. Spellman ; remember, I told you that I knew Granville better than you did. I was sure that this boy's honest independent character would please him at last."

"Oh, certainly ; who ever doubted it ?" said Spellman. But, thought he, you do not know yet how matters will end.

Meantime, Frank and Lewis were, on their part, talking to each other of what had happened, and when Frank described to his friend the

strange feeling of difficulty he had in running, and said his limbs felt heavy, and that it was all like a dream, this reminded Lewis of some lines in Virgil, of which he repeated the translation.

“And as when heavy sleep has closed the sight,  
The sickly fancy labours in the night ;  
We seem to run, and, destitute of force,  
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course :  
In vain we heave for breath, in vain we cry,  
The nerves unbraced, their usual strength deny,  
And on the tongue, the salt’ring accents die.”

Frank was surprised to find that Virgil had thought and felt as he did, so many hundred years ago ; and then descending suddenly from this grand reflection, was very curious to know what had happened to the mad dog, and where Lewis was standing when he first heard the cry.

And when all this had been explained, Lewis left Frank alone to rest himself, but he was not long allowed to remain in peace. Spellman came softly into the room, followed by Tom, whom he exhorted not to make any noise. Frank told them that he was not asleep, and that they might talk as loud as they pleased. They both said they came to see how he did, and were very sorry he had been ill ; but they looked as if that was not exactly the thing they came to say, and as if something more important was to follow. While Spellman was considering how he should preface with some nice bit of flattery, Tom blurted out these words : “After all, if you have a mind to go to school with *that* Lewis you may, for any thing I care.”

"What do you mean?" cried Frank, starting up.

"He means," said Spellman, "that if we could manage so as to please all parties, it would be a very good thing in this world; but that cannot be, so, perhaps, it will not do, because I could not speak to Granville so well, and I am afraid you will be afraid to speak."

"Oh," interrupted Frank, "do tell me plainly; I am not afraid to speak to any body."

"If that's the case, then, you are the properest person to speak about it to every body, and don't mention my name."

"I do not want to mention your name, indeed," said Frank; "but do tell me plainly what you mean?"

"Why, then, the short and the long of it is," said Tom, "that if you have a mind to stand in my shoes, you may."

"I have no mind to stand in your shoes," said Frank.

"But you have a mind to go to school with Lewis, have not you?" said Spellman.

"You know I have," said Frank, impatiently; "I told you so, why should you ask me again?"

"Because if you are quite sure of that, I can show you how it can be done," said Spellman.

"Can you? Oh, show me!" cried Frank.

Spellman said that he had found out that it had been just decided that Tom was going to the same school with Lewis; that it was his place that Frank might have filled; but that though Tom's uncle had settled this, it could be easily changed, as Tom's mother would do any thing to

please her son ; and besides, now that she had been at Bellombre and had seen Mr. Granville, she would like particularly that Tom should go to Mr. Granville's school.—In short, it could be done if Frank pleased.

If Frank pleased!—Frank was overjoyed. He could hardly stay to hear how it was to be done, he was in such a hurry to run three different ways, to his father, mother, Lewis, to tell the delightful news. Spellman held him, to express fears, that his father and mother would be afraid to offend Mr. Granville ; and again begged that his own name might not be mentioned. “Cannot you say that it came into your own head?—Stay one minute, and we can settle how to manage it properly.”

Frank said, the properest way was to go straight to his father and mother, and he would say nothing but the plain truth ; he would have no underhand doings ; he did not know what Spellman was about, but he would have nothing to do with it, if he might not do it openly.

Spellman let him go ; and put the letter which Mrs. J. had written into his hands, with which Frank ran off directly to his mother.

As he ran full speed along the gallery, he met Lewis and Granville, for the first time, walking together.

“How now !” said Granville, “I thought you were resting yourself, Frank.”

“I want no rest,” said Frank, “I can have none till I have settled this. Oh, come with me, both of you, I want you both, my dear friends. May I call you friend ?” said he, looking up at Granville.

"You may," said Granville, "now and for life."

"But perhaps I may offend you, and I should be sorry to offend you again," said Frank, pausing.

Granville coloured, but struggling with himself, said—

"I shall not be offended without cause again."

"Then, come with me," said Frank, "this moment to my father and mother, and you shall hear all I have to say."

They accompanied him, curious to know what it was that he had to say. In Frank's straight forward way the case was stated in a few words; and to the honour of Granville be it recorded, that he was not offended; on the contrary, the courageous truth which Frank showed, fixed his esteem, and roused the best parts of his own character; he stood in silence while the explanations were making, and till the business was completely settled; then holding out his hand to Frank in a friendly, not a protecting manner, he said, "Frank, I am sorry not to have you at school; but, promise me, both of you," said he, looking at Lewis, "that you will come to Bellombre in the holidays, and you will always find in me a friend."

Frank jumped up, threw his arms round his neck, and thanked him with all his might.

Mrs. J.'s letter to the master of the school was much too full of compliments, apologies, and parentheses, for Frank to comprehend; he gave it up, saying, it was his mother's business to make it out; and while she was doing so, he ran in

search of Mary, made his way into a part of the house which he had never before entered, even to the sacred apartment of the governess, where full in the midst he stood, and seizing upon Mary, carried her off, begging Mademoiselle de Cambrai's pardon, and declaring, that he had something of the greatest importance to tell her.

"Now guess," said he, when he had her in the passage, "guess whether it is bad or good."

"Good to be sure," said Mary, "you need not pretend to look grave. What is it, something about the engineer?"

"Better," said Frank.

"Better, what can that be?" cried Mary.

"I cannot stay for you to guess any more," said Frank, "I am to go with Lewis."

Mary could hardly believe it, her joy was as great as Frank's. He sent her down to his mother's room, where he told her, she would be made to understand how it was all brought about, and in the fulness and benevolence of his own joy taking every creature in of every kind, he went in search of Spellman, to tell him, that the whole business was settled, and that Granville was not offended. This last part of the intelligence Spellman could hardly believe, nor did it seem to give him complete satisfaction, even when at last he was convinced of it by seeing and speaking to Granville himself: it was in vain for Frank to attempt to understand Spellman, he gave that up along with Mrs. J.'s letter. A straight and a crooked mind can never agree.

"What is it you are dissatisfied with still?" said Frank. "Now you see that Granville is

not displeased with you, or with me, or with any body, and that Tom is to go to the school you wished, and with Granville—is not this all you want?—I am sure it is all I want.”

Spellman said, “Oh! yes, he was perfectly satisfied.”——But, in fact, he was far from being satisfied; he had expected that Granville would have been very angry with Frank, and he had hoped to have turned this anger to his own purposes. Tom’s going to the same school with Granville would be nothing gained, unless he had the honour of being sag to Granville, and under his protection. This was the point at which Spellman was aiming for his cousin, and of which Mrs. J. was ambitious. Mr. Granville was known to be very generous to his hangers-on; he always used to invite little Drake to Bellombre in the holidays; he would certainly, it was supposed, do as much for Tom. And Mrs. J. fancied that this must in time lead to an intimacy between herself and Lady Chepstow; and besides, the Chepstow family would, she was confident, provide in future for Tom, by their powerful patronage, if once they should take him under their protection. One thing, however, appeared quite clear, that Lady Chepstow’s dislike to Tom’s vulgar manners had not diminished since she had seen more of him; his habits of idleness, and the impossibility of amusing him long with any thing: in short, all the faults of a spoiled child, and of an ill-bred school-boy combined, had increased her aversion. Yet, still from day to day, he was at Bellombre, “upon sufferance, for poor Spellman’s sake,”



as her ladyship said. And Spellman was meanly satisfied to see his cousin in this manner just endured. He had done imprudently to bring him into any degree of comparison with Frank; he felt it too late. Notwithstanding this mistake, however, and the unexpected turn which things had last taken, Spellman trusted much to his powers of flattery, and to that habitual influence, which, mixed as he was content that it should be, with contempt, he knew he possessed over Granville's mind. Granville had penetration enough to see now plainly what had been the cause of Spellman's great anxiety to bring and keep this boy at Bellombre, yet there was something gratifying to pride in the pains which had been taken to gain this object. It is now settled, said Granville to himself, that this cousin Tom of Spellman's is to go to the same school with me; and as there is a place in the carriage between me and Cressingham, why should not I gratify poor Spellman, and take him with me? — If he does not do me credit at school afterwards, I am not bound to take any more notice of him, or ever to ask him again to Bellombre. But I cannot refuse poor Spellman to take his cousin, though Tom is such a vulgar boy.

Spellman saw the waverings of his young patron's mind, and had now good hopes of gaining his point. Never in his life did he take more pains to study Granville's humour, or to make himself agreeable to all parties.

In order to obtain Frank's good word for his cousin, he tutored Tom, to make him civil, but

he tutored in vain ; he worshipped Frank, but he worshipped in vain.

---

THE day for the departure of Frank's father and mother from Bellombre had now arrived. Every body in the house was sorry that they were going. Every body, except Spellman and Tom. Tom did not trouble himself even to pretend to be sorry, but Spellman pulled down the corners of his mouth, and endeavoured to look sad. Superfluous hypocrisy ! for Frank did not see or care how he looked. Spellman followed him about the room, and at last, finding a moment when nobody could hear him, said he had one great favour to beg of Frank.

"What favour can you have to beg of me ?" said Frank.

"I will tell you," said Spellman.

"Quick then, for I am in a hurry."

"Directly," said Spellman ; but he never could tell any thing, much less ask a favour *directly* : so he went back several steps. "You know, Frank," said he, "at least I know, if your modesty does not allow you to believe it, that you are such a favourite now with Mr. Granville, that he would not refuse any thing you ask. Now, you would do me the greatest favour in the world, which I should never forget to my dying-day, and I'd do as much for you, if you would ask him one thing."

"What ?" said Frank.

"You know he would rather have had you for his fag a thousand times, than poor Tom."

"I know," said Frank.

"But, as he cannot have you, will you ask him now to take Tom in his carriage, to school with him, properly under his protection?"

No: Frank said he could not ask any such thing, that Mr. Granville must judge for himself, and do as he pleased.

"Then you are not the good-natured boy I took you for?" said Spellman.

Perhaps I am not the weak boy, you took me for, thought Frank.

"Then you will see, I shall get it done without your assistance," said Spellman.

"I have nothing to do with it," said Frank, "and I shall not meddle with it, one way or the other—my friend Lewis advised me not."

"I am much obliged to your friend Lewis, indeed, said Spellman. "I knew it was not your own thought—I knew you were too good-natured—you will do it at last, I am sure."

"No, I cannot," repeated Frank.

"But, why not—Why won't you speak for Tom?—If he has ever offended you, I'll make him beg your pardon."

"He has not offended me; he has never offend me, and I do not want him to beg my pardon."

"But why don't you like him?" said Spellman.

"Because—I cannot tell you, he is your cousin, and it would not be civil to tell you; let me go," said he, turning away, disgusted by Spell-

man's meanness, "there is our carriage come to the door, and I must go, and call Mary." The whole family had collected in the library; and some were expressing regrets, and others were hoping they should meet again, and some were returning books they had borrowed; some were searching for books that were to be lent to the parting guests; some were packing in portfolios, and others were sending the gardener for cuttings and layers, which (well packed,) must be put into the carriage.

"Oh! my yellow rose, that Mr. Berkeley promised me," cried Mary. "I am afraid my yellow rose tree has not come."

"Never mind," said Frank, "for mamma said, that if it was taken up at this time of year, it never would live; and if it did live, it is ten to one that it never would blow."

"But it blows beautifully in Mr. Berkeley's garden, and why should it not blow in mine? Pray, mamma, inquire, will you, whether it is come?"

Inquiries were made, no rose-tree had come for Miss Mary, but every body said, that if Mr. Berkeley had promised it, it would certainly arrive, for he never forgot any thing he promised.

Some thought that Mr. Berkeley had not yet returned home; but one of the servants had seen him coming home late last night. Frank then was eager to run to bid him farewell, but Mary begged that they might wait, she was sure that Mr. Berkeley would come to take leave of them.

"And here he is," said Frank, who was at

the window, "he is coming up the shrubbery-walk, that leads from the vicarage—I saw him, and you will see him just now. Here he is, but without the rose-tree in his hand, yet he has something else that you will like, I think, added Frank, significantly.

Tom now jumped up, exclaiming, "I'll bet a crown it's a hare," but our parson brings a hare often; but," looking out of the window, he added, "no such good thing, it's only a stupid port-folio."

As Mr. Berkeley drew nearer, Tom saw his face, and said to Spellman,

"That man is very like somebody, I am sure, I have seen before somewhere."

"Did not you see him at church, last Sunday?" said Spellman.

"How could I, when I was not there?" said Tom, keeping his eyes fixed upon Mr. Berkeley, who was coming up the steps. The moment he entered the room, Tom hid himself behind a pillar; there he watched an opportunity to get out of the room, but Lady Chepstow was in the way, and he dared not cross her path. Nobody observed him, all were happily intent upon Mr. Berkeley, and the portfolio. In the portfolio was a drawing, which one of his obliging daughters had made, of the print which Frank and Lewis had so much admired, and which Mr. Berkeley begged Frank to accept. Lady Chepstow desired to have the pleasure of seeing the drawing, and every body gathered round, to look at. Every body except Tom, who thinking this a good time for escaping out of

the room, made an effort, to get to the door, pushing by Mr. Granville so rudely, that Spellman caught his arm saying,

"How can you push so, Tom? and why cannot you come and look at this beautiful drawing, like Frank and every body else?"

"I don't want to see it," said Tom; "I want to see the horses at the door."

Tom struggled and kicked Spellman's shins, who let him go, fearing Lady Chepstow would see this outrage.

"Tom will be quite another creature, I expect," said Spellman, "when he has been at a good school, and under your protection for a year."

"You expect wonders," said Granville, half smiling.

Granville left Spellman, and stood behind Frank, looking over his head at the drawing.

Lady Chepstow made some observations at this instant, which could not be distinctly heard, because the horses, which were at the door, and which, till now, had stood perfectly still, were growing very restless. Looking out, to see what was the matter, her Ladyship descried Tom, who had scrambled up upon the coach-box, and was kicking his feet, in despite of the coachman, against the foot-board.

"Do, somebody—yes, Spellman, that's a good creature, do take that boy down, will you," said Lady Chepstow; "or," added she, as Spellman left the room, "we shall have that boy's neck broken at Bellombre, and he had better break it somewhere else."

Mr. Berkeley now looked out of the window, as others did, at the taking down, of Tom, who called out, that he would not come down, and that he would do as he liked. "I recollect that voice," said Mr. Berkeley.

"It is not, indeed, a voice to be forgotten," said Lady Chepstow.

Tom, who was now standing near the window, looked up, and seeing Mr. Berkeley, who bowed to him, and was beginning to speak to him, he straight turned his back, pretending not to hear.

Granville called to him, and said, in a stern voice, "don't you hear Mr. Berkeley speaking to you?"

Spellman turned Tom's face again to the window, and held him by the shoulders, telling him, he must not be so bashful, he must not run away, he must behave civilly, and answer when he was spoken to.

"He can't be speaking to me," said Tom. "Let me go, cousin Spellman, I don't know him."

"I am not surprised," said Mr. Berkeley mildly, "that the young gentleman does not recollect me, for the only time that I ever saw him, was nearly a year ago; and then he was stunned by a terrible fall from his horse. You do not then remember my taking you up from the bank, do you, young gentleman?" said he, again speaking to him from the open window.

"Not I," said Tom, still struggling to get away; "I don't remember any thing about it."

"Do not detain him," said Mr. Berkeley, "he seems to be terribly afraid of me, I don't know

why ; I was merely going to ask whether his horse had recovered from his sprain."

"I don't know," said Tom, bursting away from Spellman, and making off towards the stables.

"It is only bashfulness," said Spellman, pursuing him.

"Brutal bashfulness!" said Lady Chepstow.

"Depend upon it, this is not pure bashfulness," said Granville.

"Frank, what were you going to say, you look very eager, and yet very doubtful?" said Cressingham.

"Because I believe, but I am not sure, sir," said Frank, turning to Mr. Berkeley, "that the horse, of which you were speaking, is mine. Was it pretty, was it black? Was its name Felix?"

"Whether it was pretty, I can't say," replied Mr. Berkeley. "It was black, I recollect, but I cannot tell whether its name was Felix; its shoulder was sadly sprained."

"Sprained its shoulder! Oh, then, it was poor Felix," cried Frank and Mary.

"Thank you, for recollecting and asking for him, sir," said Frank, "he is quite well. Did you see him fall, sir?"

"I did," said Mr. Berkeley.

"How extraordinary, mamma, that Mr. Berkeley should see it," said Mary.

"Not very extraordinary," said Mr. Berkeley. "I happened to be at the door of a cottage, where I had been visiting one of my poor parishioners in a remote place."



"In a lane near a pool of water, with flat stepping stones, was it not?" said Frank.

"Just so," said Mr. Berkeley.

"Now, I know the reason, papa, why Felix was so frightened at the sight of those stones the day we led him home; but sir," continued Frank, returning to Mr. Berkeley, "will you tell me, for I never heard exactly how it was?"

"I was at the cottage of a poor woman, who lives in a lane near the common, and I saw this young gentleman and his servant galloping across the common,"

"Galloping!" repeated Frank with astonishment, looking at Mary, and his father and mother, by turns.

"Do not interrupt, my dear," said his mother.

"He was certainly galloping, when I saw him," continued Mr. Berkeley, "and as violently as he could go. He, and the man with him, seemed to be running races; he got foremost, and leaped his horse through a gap in the hedge, into the lane; the horse came on the stepping stones, slipped and fell, and threw his rider on the opposite bank; the horse sprained his shoulder terribly, providentially the young gentleman was unhurt. I took him up, and gave him what assistance I could, but he says he does not recollect me."

Frank and Mary looked at one another again, and stood silent, quite shocked by this discovery of Tom's falsehood.

"But, papa, he certainly said he was trotting the horse, and trotting very gently, did not he?" said Frank, at last breaking silence.

"Yes, and his mother's note said so, and the groom said so, if I recollect," said Mary; "and you know he promised upon his word, that he would go gently."

"I believe we had better say no more about it," said Frank.

"But I must beg you will say more, and make me understand all this," said Granville. "Before I have any thing to do with this boy, I must know distinctly what he is."

"Do not you see what he is; is not his manner enough?" said Lady Chepstow.

"No, mother, I would not condemn a boy, or give him up merely for his manner. There is a great difference, I hope, between bad manners and bad principles."

Frank's father strongly agreed in this, and thinking that the whole truth ought to be known to Mr. Granville, he related the circumstances.

"What! did he break his promise, and tell a lie? I will have nothing to do with him," said Granville.

"That is right—send him home directly, pray, Horace," said Lady Chepstow, "before we part with our friends, else I shall have him when we are alone, coming begging and praying to me, and crying, no doubt. Send him off this minute, Horace."

Granville left the room, and went to obey his mother's orders.

He found Tom and Spellman at the stable-door, Spellman still arguing with him, and he struggling and kicking against the door, and crying that he would go home to his mother.

"Yes, Spellman, send him home this minute," said Granville—"it must be so."

Spellman stood astonished, while Granville ordered a servant to bring out Master Tom's horse, and to call his groom to go with him directly.

Tom stood still, and looked much alarmed.

"Surely, my dear Horace, you would not send my cousin off in this way!" Spellman began, as he led Granville out of the hearing of the servants.

"I am very sorry for you, my dear Spellman," said Granville, "but it must be so. You shall hear the facts, and judge."

Spellman heard the whole, but endeavoured to excuse Tom, which displeased Granville exceedingly.

"You cannot excuse such falsehood, Spellman. I hope?"

"He is my cousin, consider," said Spellman, "and so young and so spoiled as he has been."

"I am sorry for it, but that is not my fault."

"Oh, my dear Horace, for my sake consider my cousin, my own cousin!" said Spellman.

"If he were forty times your cousin I can have nothing to do with him," said Granville steadily; "besides, my mother desires that he should go."

"But if he must go now," said Spellman, "say nothing about it, will you? or the poor boy is ruined for ever."

"I will never say a word about him. I am sorry for you, Spellman," repeated Granville, "but I wonder you could defend such conduct."

"I! I don't defend it; I think it's horrible. Only I know how he has been spoiled at home, and at that detestable school; and I am sure that when he is at another school, and if he was under your eye, he would become quite another creature."

As Granville was silent, Spellman continued in his most supplicating and flattering tone—"I know he would become so fond of you, he would be so attached to you; though nobody else could manage him, I know you could do any thing you pleased with him by a word. I know by myself what power you have. I know——"

"Do not flatter me any more, Spellman," said Granville.

Spellman stopped short, and looked at Granville, as if he was not sure he had heard rightly.

"I flatter! and flatter you!"

"Yes, you flatter me."

Spellman, protesting he never flattered, took Mr. Granville's arm, and, walking on, began to re-urge his suit in favour of his cousin. "If you would say a word to Lady Chepstow, you are all powerful, you would save my cousin from this disgrace."

"Don't urge farther; I cannot, Spellman."

Spellman, however, observing what reluctance Granville felt to disoblige him, thought that if he pushed the matter boldly to the utmost, that he should succeed. He withdrew his arm suddenly from Granville's, exclaiming, in a high tone, that he felt himself ill-used; that he had feelings as well as Mr. Granville, and pride of his own too: that he could not bear to see his near relation so

treated ; disgracefully packed off : he could not justify it to his conscience to stand by and see it done : that, well as he loved Mr. Granville, if Mr. Granville persisted in sending his cousin away, without saying a word to save him, he could not longer look upon him as his friend. He confessed this was not his idea of a friend. In short, if his cousin was sent away from Bellombre, he would go along with him he was determined.

Granville stood silent, and Spellman, seeing signs of strong emotion in his countenance, fancied he would yield if he pushed the matter to extremity ; so, turning abruptly, and imitating, as well as he could, Granville's own decided tone and manner, he called to one of the servants in the yard, and ordered that his horse should be saddled as well as Mr. Tom's.

" Spellman, you are in a passion ; I will give you time to cool. You had better not go," said Granville, leaving him. Spellman was not in a passion, he only pretended to be indignant, to work upon his friend's real feelings. With all his art, as Cressingham told him, he did not know that friend well : he knew all the weaknesses, but none of the strength of his character. He fancied that Granville could not live without him and flattery. He thought that his quitting Bellombre would produce a great effect, and that he and his cousin would be recalled in a few days. He mounted his horse in a finely acted passion, bowing to Granville as he passed the windows ; observed that he looked astonished, and saw, or thought he saw, that Granville beckoned to him,

augured well of his weakness from this, galloped on, passed the gate, and never, we hope, was recalled to Bellombre.

---

ALL this while the carriage was at the door, the horses who had been standing still against their will an unconscionable time, now pricked up their ears on hearing the step of the carriage let down. But they were yet to wait, while, after every body else had got into the carriage, Frank was detained on the steps by each individual of the house of Bellombre, to wish him a fresh good-bye, and who held him back while they repeated their desire to see him again whenever his father and mother could bring him.

"He has promised me, and that is enough," said Granville. "I am sure of him, and I hope he is sure of me."

"Quite, thank you," said Frank.

"And, Frank, stay one minute—one thing more I will promise you," said Granville, "that the next time you come to Bellombre, you shall not, if I can prevent it, meet any tormentors."

"Nor any flatterers either, if I can prevent it," said Cressingham. "Pray tell me, Frank," said he, laying his hand on the carriage-door, "if you were forced to choose between them, which would you rather have, the tormentors or the flatterer?"

"The tormentors, to be sure," said Frank: "they did me a great deal of good, and I grew

used to their teasing at last, but the flatterer never did me any good."

"Right," said Cressingham.

Granville gave his last approving nod, and they departed.

The weather was fine, and the drive home was delightful, even though it was not a new way. Mary, especially, enjoyed it; for it had seemed to her very long since they had been all together. Now she could hear Frank's thoughts and feelings about every thing and every person they had seen at Bellombre; but chiefly she was interested in hearing that his father and mother were quite satisfied with him, that they thought he had borne all his little trials better than they could have expected, and that he had been improved by them in the strength of mind which would be necessary for him at school.

Boys, even at Frank's early age, as his father observed, begin to lay the foundation of a character for themselves; and Frank had now begun well; he had raised in the minds of some of those who were to be his future companions in life, good expectations of his temper, truth, and honourable principles, he had won the regard of two new friends, and had increased the esteem and affection of his friend Lewis, to whom he had proved that he was sincerely and steadily attached; his mother had been particularly pleased, by observing, that Frank had not betrayed much of that foolish vanity which she had dreaded as the foible of his mind. Mary was silent, and happy in silence, as long as these remarks on Frank's conduct and character lasted,

but from the moment his praises ceased, she began to talk, and the conversation was kept up between the young people with that unceasing flow of spirits which the prospect of returning home and to their usual happy ways naturally excited.

The first creature they ran to see was their good Mrs. Catherine.

After she had kissed Mary, she held out her arms to Frank.

"What! and you too!—Do you come back to me," said she, "just such as you went?—I had expected you would have been a fine young gentleman after your visit to Bellombre, and too grand to come to my room to see your old nurse."

"You expected very wrong then," said Frank, "but I do not believe you are in earnest: else I know how I could punish you. Look, here are your spectacles mended for you; you thought I should forget them, but you see you were mistaken in that too; and to save yourself the trouble of stooping again, you may give me another kiss for the prettiest tortoise-shell kitten you ever saw in your life, which you are to have on Monday."

The expectation of the new tortoise-shell favourite kept Mrs. Catherine from being quite overpowered by the news that Frank was certainly to go to school on the Monday following.

Frank's next care was so to arrange their affairs during this last week, that they should be as much with Mary as possible. Lewis and he agreed that they would take only short rides, so



that they might always return by the time that she had finished her lessons. They were the more anxious to be kind to her because she was so careful not to be any trouble or restraint to them ; she even begged that they would do what they liked best about riding, and that they would not return on purpose to walk with her.

“For,” said she, “you know I must soon learn to be quite alone when Frank goes to school, and it’s better for me to learn by degrees : this is what I often used to try to think in the long fortnight at Bellombre. It will be much easier at home,” added she, “because here I have many pleasant things that I like to do, and I have always mamma to talk to when she has done being busy. So pray ride as much as you please.”

One day of this week was spent with their excellent friend, Colonel Birch. He rejoiced to hear that the two young friends were to go to the same school, though he was still inclined to believe that some delay would occur.

Two evenings were happily spent in revisiting, certainly for the last time this season, old Mrs. Wheeler, and the *gardener-of-the-green-gate*. Frank was proud to feel, that his having been laughed at about them, had made no impression upon his mind. He left with Mrs. Wheeler a legacy which she much prized, a dog, the son of Colonel Birch’s great dog, which the Colonel had trained for him, and which was the most diverting as well as the most obedient of dogs, and Mrs. Wheeler had no doubt would prove the most faithful of his kind. “I was just wishing

for a dog," said she, "for you must know, sir, our Jowler died last winter."

"Do you think I did not know that?" said Frank; "that is the very reason I thought of bringing you a young dog to comfort you for the loss of the old one."

"Oh, think of his remembering about my old dog and my old self!" exclaimed Mrs. Wheeler, "after he has been away too, and is going off to school. God bless him! wherever he goes he will never forget his friends."

This last was heard only by Mary, after Frank had left the house. His farewell visit to the gardener and his son, was still more satisfactory; for Lewis had received a letter from his father, desiring to have the gardener's son sent to him, and requesting that Frank might be the bearer of this good news. There was also a smaller service which Frank did for the gardener, which pleased him particularly. While he was at Bellombre, he had heard of many curious practical experiments on the means of improving fruit-trees, and especially on the possibility of making our pears and peaches as large, as fine, and as abundant as any which are to be found in foreign countries, Frank thought of his friend, the gardener, when he had heard these observations, and repeated as much as he could remember of them, lending the gardener the *Review*\* in which the books containing them are mentioned.

\* *Edinburgh Review*, No. LXVIII.

With some of these he was already acquainted ; others were new to him, and they were, as he said, the very things he most wished to see ; he added, that he took it particularly kindly of Frank that he thought of him and his garden in the midst of all his diversions and fine people at Bellombre : this was what he called having a good memory in every sense of the word ; “ and here is a garden in which you and your friends will always find yourselves as welcome, as if it were your own, and Miss Mary the same.”

The gardener inquired, when Frank was to be at home again. And when he was told, it was to be at Christmas, he picked out for Mary some Christmas-rose and wall-flower, which he told her would make a good figure in their garden, at that season, and would be in blow, to welcome him. Mary thanked him more for this thought, than for all he had ever given her before, of

“ Purple grape, green fig, or apricock.”

She found the days of this last week passed away terribly quickly, and when it was Saturday, she could not believe it, she thought it was Friday, she had hoped it was Friday, till the appearance of a little new trunk, in which Frank's clothes were to be packed, convinced her of the melancholy certainty. Frank, who felt that it was the part of a man to keep up her spirits and his own, did whatever he could to comfort her ; but, even with him, it came to whistling sometimes, and sometimes to the wise observation, of, “ It's all for my good, Mary ;” and sometimes to

the unanswerable assertion, that, "Christmas will come, you know, Mary."

Every thing he could think of that he possessed, and that she could like, he set apart for her in their last visit to his garden; and when he was sorting his goods for packing up, she thanked him, and thought he was very good-natured, and wondered how he could think of so many things for her in all his hurry: but what comforted her best, was, the employing her to do something for him; and he and Mrs. Catherine, together, found out a variety of jobs, that Mary could do better than any body else. There were handkerchiefs to be marked, and lists to be written of his clothes and of his books, for she was a practised and expert hand at writing lists.

The books which he was allowed to carry with him, were few indeed compared with the numbers which he had intended should go at the bottom of the trunk, but which would have filled, as Mrs. Catherine declared, bottom, middle, and top. In the selection which Frank and Mary, together, made, there were a few very valuable books. Among these, the principal were a bible, which had long been his mother's, and the Homer's Iliad, which his father had won as a prize, at school, and which he had given to Frank, expressing a hope that he would some day bring home premium-books of his own. Of this Homer unfortunately, however, the first volume was not to be found; high and low, above, about, and underneath, it was searched for in vain. One faint hope remained, that it might not have been returned by Colonel Birch.

Frank's mother, at his earnest request, sent an express messenger to the Colonel, late in the evening, with a note from Frank, beseeching him to look over all his books, and if he could find the lost volume, to be sure to send it this night, or very, *very* early in the morning, as they were to set off at seven. The trunk was at last closed, and locked, and corded, and nothing remained for Mary to do, but to look at the letters marked in brass nails on the lid, and bright as those nails were, she could scarcely see them through the tears which dimmed her eyes, therefore she stooped down, and began to brighten the F, by rubbing it with great care; but tears falling fast while she rubbed, it may be doubted whether she did not do more harm than good. Kind Mrs. Catherine called her to help to pack the carpet-bag, and Mary sprung up, and ran for the various odd things, which were to go in that last and best resource.

Night came—and morning, and early breakfast, at which all who were going, and all who were to stay, assembled. Mary eat little, but put every thing near Frank and Lewis, which it was possible that they could eat. She said not a word, but she listened to every word that was said to Frank, especially the last words of advice, which his father and mother gave him, and which Mary seemed to think she was also to remember for him.

No answer yet from Colonel Birch; but, just as they had given up all hopes of the return of their messenger, the Colonel himself appeared.

"Is it possible," said he, as he entered the room, "that Frank is really going? It is well you missed your book, and sent your messenger; I own I had depended so much on mamma's keeping him one day longer, that I had not intended coming to take leave of him, till to-morrow. I am glad, that I am in time to say, good bye, and God bless you, my dear boy."

Frank looked, as if he said, "Thank you."

The Colonel excused the want of the words, and continued,

"Here's your book for you, I found it for you at past twelve o'clock last night. Now, Frank, I have no advice to give you: you can want none with such a father and mother as heaven has blessed you with. But I must tell you, that I expect you will distinguish yourself;—do you hear, my boy?"

"I do; and I will if I can," said Frank.

"And you can, if you will," said his father.

"I expect you will distinguish yourself, as your father did before you," continued Colonel Birch, "and as your friend Lewis is doing as fast as he can."

"Some celebrated man says, that Alexander, at the head of the world, never enjoyed so much true pleasure as is felt by a school-boy at the head of his school. I know nothing about Alexander's feelings, but I remember as well as if it were yesterday, the joy your father felt, and I for him, the day he got to the head of our school. So fare you well, my dear little fellow, follow his example."

Frank returned the squeeze of the hand, which Colonel Birch gave him, but his heart was so full, that he could not utter a single word.

"I will never disgrace them!" was the sense of what he thought, as he turned away from his father and mother, and Mary, and got into the carriage. Mary put the volume of the Iliad in after him. His mother had written in the first page, the following lines, which Frank never saw till the next day.

"Go on, dear boy, 'tis virtue leads;  
He that determines, half succeeds;  
No obstacles can move.  
Seek useful knowledge, honest fame,  
Do honour to an honoured name;  
And well thy race approve.  
Oh, think what joy my heart shall know,  
How bright th' expiring lamp shall glow,  
When quivering o'er the tomb;  
If, in the evening of my days,  
I live to hear thy well-earned praise,  
And see thy honours bloom!"

FINIS.

